CURVY
FOREVER
A Black Label Novella
NICCI HARRIS

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CONTENTS

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Blurb
T.W

Prologue
Chapter 1
Chapter 2
Chapter 3
Chapter 4
Chapter 5
Chapter 6
Chapter 7
Chapter 8
Chapter 9
Chapter 10
Chapter 11
Chapter 12
Chapter 13
Chapter 14
Chapter 15
Chapter 16
Chapter 17
Chapter 18
Chapter 19
Chapter 20
Epilogue

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CurVy 13

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For the dark romance girlies who refuse to choose. They want the psychotic cinnamon-roll, the grumpy alpha-hole, and the misunderstood billionaire. And to be fucked through the bars of a dog cage…

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BLURB

I'm Vallie, but not to the Vaughn brothers.
Donnie calls me Pup,
Tyler loves me as his Vallie Baby,
And Dexter's name for me is Baby Girl…

So there I was, just minding my own business, creating TikToks for my followers about masked men who kidnap the girl and make all their dark fantasies come true, when Donnie and his insane twin brother decided to break into my home and do just that…
Destroy me.
I didn't ask for this…
Did I?

DISCLAIMER: This is the second book in the Curvy 13 Playlist and needs to be read after book one. It is not a standalone.

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T.W

This is a Nicci Harris Black Label book.

This means it is pure filth, with minimal plot, and features unhinged male main characters with mummy issues.

Caution: the leading characters engage in questionable consent, and the narrative includes depictions of trauma from childhood.

Please visit my website for a detailed list trïggers:
HERE

If you prefer a slow burn, plot and spice in equal measure, try Nicci's Kids of The District series and meet the notorious Butcher Boys.

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PROLOGUE

DONNIE

Eleven years old

“Fuck you, Tyler!” I tighten as Dexter screams from inside the house, his voice leaping across the yard to where I am in the shed. No one comes in ‘ere. It’s where the photos of mum and dad are. Hidden away.

Don’t have much time.

“It’s okay,” I say, pulling the rabbit from his hutch. “I won’t hurt ya.” Flat, strong feet kick at the air as I lift the feral animal from the enclosure and walk him to the forests edge.

It is like he’s on a little bicycle.

Kicking at nothing.

Kicking at nothing.

Not gettin’ anywhere…

Stepping just inside the forest break, I crouch and place the rabbit on the dirt just as the fly screen slams behind me. “Off ya go.” I tap its arse, spurring it forward.

“Donnie!” Tyler’s voice pierces the forest walls.

I straighten and walk from the shadows of the trees into view. The sun cuts a line across the lawn. The rest of its rays now dip behind the tall foliage. It’s almost dusk.

Tyler legs it across the grass to me, tears streaming down his face. “Donnie!” I catch him in my arms, feeling him vibrate like a motor within my embrace. “It was an accident,” he pants. “I swear it. I didn’t mean to talk.”

No, it wasn’t.

I don’t know what *it* is, but it wasn’t an accident. He’s not normal anymore. I don’t know what normal is, but I know it’s not my brother. We don’t know why he hurts himself or breaks things, but every time I ask him, he just starts talkin’ to Martha Argerich, the famous pianist.

He's still perfect to me.

Just how he is, but everyone else is worrying. I see it in their faces. Dexter thinks we’ll lose our parent’s company or something. That they’ll steal it out from under us. I don’t think they can do that, but what do I know?

“You can’t run from me, Tyler!” Dexter barks, storming after him, his arms thrusting forward with anger. “You’re such a little psycho. Come here!”

Dexter advances, and I push Tyler behind me, blocking him with my body. “Back off.”

I pump my arms out like I’ve seen Arnold Schwarzenegger do on television when he’s trying to look big and cut. Dexter is twice my height now, but I’m tough.

Just as tough as Dex.

“Step aside, Donnie. He needs a hiding.”

“What happened? Was it the meetin’?”

Dexter has been meeting with the arsehole Greg Durran for months now, trying to get his trust fund early, but he’s too young and dumb. I’m glad he can’t get it yet; he’ll just buy drugs or alcohol or porn.

We need that money.

“He started talking to that bitch pianist like a goddamn psychopath right in front of Durran. I told him! I told him to behave so I can get our money—”

“Your money,” Ty spits out from behind me. “So you can just leave us here!”

He’s not leavin’ us.

I keep my eyes on Dexter, fixed on his every move so he can weave past me and give Ty a punishment. He thinks it’s his job now. He doesn’t know

how to control himself. He’s always running hot. Always impulsive.

“*Wait*…” I hush them with a raise of my hand, snapping my head to the side as though I heard something rustling around on the woody forest floor. “You hear that, Dex? A rabbit.”

“No way.” He sneers, eyes still arrowed to Tyler who is cowering behind my back. “There isn’t a rabbit in there this time, Donnie. It’s not possible. Not again.”

“There is.” I beam and see Dex soften just a tad. “Year of the rabbit, Dex. Remember? It’s a sign from mum and dad. It’s me and Ty. Let’s catch it. Like we always do. If you get him, I’ll cook him for dinner. If Ty gets him, you forgive him, yeah?”

I know that by the time my big brother has run off his anger and caught that damn rabbit, he’ll already have forgiven Tyler. He isn’t even mad now.

He’s just sad.

Dexter is always sad.

He misses our parents.

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CHAPTER ONE

VALLIE

“Miss Relli?”

The early morning sun filters through the swaying blinds, adding a sense of movement while the entire world is still fast asleep.

Like I should be.

I blink at my white bookcase, *Captive in the Dark* by CJ Roberts catching my eye under the twinkling fairy lights. I smile. The heroine, Liv, had Stockholm syndrome as well. In fact, Donnie kind of reminds me of the hero/antihero, Caleb.

He was my number-one book boyfriend for all of 2021. He kidnapped her, raped her, trained her to be another man’s slave and then tore the world apart and betrayed his alias to keep her.

Funny, ironic, really.

“Miss Relli?”

I snap my attention back to the two police officers sitting opposite me on my sofa, not at all concerned that they pulled me from bed at six a.m.

One of them is a lady, and the other is a middle-aged man—Constable Martin, I think he said.

I study him. His head is a square; he reminds me of the character from the cartoon *American Dad*.

I yawn the words. “Sorry, what did you say?”

“You say that you have known Mr Donatello Vaughn since you were a teenager? Is this right?”

“Yes.”

He scans his notes, the ink still wet. “And you met at a party, a mutual friend’s, who you can’t remember right now.”

“Yes,” I lie. It’s all a lie. “It was a long time ago. I partied a lot. I drank a lot.” I shrug, then shuffle my slippers because I am meant to be traumatised by seeing someone nearly die. That’s the normal response, emotion.

“Why didn’t you recognise his brother’s name your first day at court?” He looks up from his notes.

“I just didn’t. It’s been such a long time that I barely remember them, until recently. Otherwise, I would have said something before the trial began.”

I know that Donnie told me to blame him, to say he was extorting me. Kept me captive.

Basically, he wanted me to tell the truth. The complete truth apart from who actually tried to drown Oliver. But I can’t turn on him. I won’t. My eyes sweep across to *Captive in the Dark* again. Liv never condemned Caleb, not really.

She loves him.

“And his brother?” Officer Martin presses, tilting his head to get a better read on me. “Tyler Vaughn? His identical twin. Did you know him? Have you seen him?”

My back straightens at the mention of Tyler, who, at this very moment, is in my bedroom, laying low.

“No.” I hit them with all my focus. “I know Tyler from back then, but I haven’t seen him. I’d like to. If you find him, tell him Vallie wants to see him.”

He raises an eyebrow. “Are you sure you haven’t seen him? The brothers are hard to distinguish apart,” he baits me.

He places an image on the table in front of me. I glance quickly at it, seeing my stunning lunatic in all his glory. “Look harder. Tyler will have longer hair nowadays, and scars, lots of them, all over his hands and arms.”

I don’t look again, holding Officer Martin’s hazel gaze instead. “I know him. And he had the scars back then, too.” I reach, and fucking hope that’s right, but I have a feeling he started cutting early in life. “But, up until last week, I hadn’t seen Donnie for years. And we barely spoke even then. We just fucked a lot. He must have seen Oliver hit me, and he must have

recognised me. I don’t know... Maybe it was residual affection from back then. You’ll have to ask him why.”

I deadpan, then I quickly touch my jaw, running my fingers along the swollen area to draw attention to it. I’m a victim here. Not Donnie’s, like we planned, I’m Oliver’s.

They lean back in unison and eye me, sceptical.

“Your ex-boyfriend, Oliver,” Martin goes on, “is in a hospital because Donatello tried to drown him. That’s attempted murder in the first degree. Did you know Donatello has a clean record? Unlike his brothers, he is squeaky clean. Why would he do that for a girl he hasn’t seen in years?”

I don’t answer.

Because I know why.

Donnie didn’t do it.

His twin did.

And he loves his brother.

It’s not about me.

This is all about Tyler.

The lady officer leans forward, elbows to her knees, her strong shoulders betraying her gentle voice as she says, “Do you think he was trying to get information from you?”

I thought this would be harder. That anxiety would set in, or that my palms would sweat, but that’s not the case. I feel fine—grounded, even.

You got this, Vallie.

“Like I said, we just fucked a lot back then.” I try to make them uncomfortable with my crass response, but their expressions are schooled, reactions bullet-proof.

Bastards.

“Like a lot,” I add. “I barely remembered my own name by the time he was finished with me, let alone his brothers decades on.”

Too confident.

Calm down, girl.

That got him; Officer Martin combs my body quickly, then steels his expression when he sees me watching.

But the lady officer only smiles knowingly. “You don’t mind if we check in on you every now and then? Your safety is very important to us. And Dexter Vaughn has lodged a solid case for bail given the extended trial.”

“Is there any reason that I can’t see Tyler or Dexter? This is all a lot. I’m pretty shaken by the whole thing.” *I have no idea if they are buying this.* “Watching Donnie defend me like that.” I twist the perspective a little. “I’d like to talk to his brothers. I’m worried about him.”

“Just let us know if you see Tyler. He may know where Donnie is.” The lady sighs, her eyes rolling over my jawline. “Though, I’ll be honest, Oliver’s story doesn’t add up. You say he hit you, and I can see the bruise. Oliver says he was yelling at you from a distance. I don’t like men who hit women.”

I hold her gaze; a silent moment between us lures me to trust her a little. “Neither do I. I’ll give Dexter and Tyler your card if I see them, but I can’t be mad at Donnie for defending me.”

I stand up to encourage the conversation to end. “I’m really tired. I need to sleep. I don’t have any further information on where Donnie is.” That’s not a lie.

I walk to the door and open it, leaning to the side. “Please. I’m so tired.”

They share a glance.

Martin slaps his thighs as he stands. “Alright.”

Meanwhile, the lady is far smoother, rising slowly. As she passes through the door, a white business card is held out for me. “The card...” She leads.

I accept it with another yawn. “Thanks.”

“Call if you see or hear from Donatello.”

I nod. “I will.”

I’m getting good at lying.

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CHAPTER TWO

VALLIE

It took me a while to settle back to sleep.

I wake to the feel of something cold and wet dripping down my chin and neck.

My lashes flutter my cheek, my eyes opening to find Tyler hovering over me.

His eyes flick up and meet mine. “Hey, baby.” Lifting my hand, I touch his, feeling the small ice pack between his fingers and the cold water seeping from within it. “You’re bruising. That arsehole bruised you, but he’s dead.” A dark grin pulls at his lips. “Fucker.”

He doesn’t know…

Oliver is alive.

My room is dark, but a shadow on Tyler’s jaw catches my eye.

I squint at it. “What’s that?” I reach up and brush my thumb over the matching bruise on his rough jawline. It’s in the same place as mine. Almost identical. “How?”

His lips form a strange smile. “I wanted us to match.”

God, he’s a lunatic.

“That’s— You—” *Ugh.* I shake my head and sigh. *Did he do that to himself?* “Tell me about your medication,” I demand. I promised Donnie that I would take care of his less-than-mentally stable brother while he is away—

Away where? I don’t know, but I feel a sense of overwhelming loyalty to him, one I can’t explain. And I am okay with not understanding it, because it feels right.

Don’t think about him…

Tyler ignores my question, dipping to press his lips to mine, engulfing me in his scent—*him* and mint from his toothpaste. He drops the ice pack to the floor.

I open my mouth and accept his sweet tongue. He’s gentle—unlike his brother—but *thorough.* A demand to him that’s intense and undeniable—almost scary with how passionately he needs and wants.

He licks inside my mouth, humming to my taste, and the sound resonates deep inside me.

A rush of arousal stirs through me. His moans and his perfectly rhythmic kiss show his desperate need for love. He presses his naked body flat to mine, the thick length between his legs jabbing me.

“I want your pussy,” he says into our kiss. “Open your thighs for me.” He presses his weight down on me, pinning me. “I’m going to fuck you right now.”

I lock my legs together, pull from his kiss, and stare up at him. “Not until you tell me about your medication.”

He groans, dropping his head to my shoulder. “I’m going to take care of you, baby.” He lifts his head and frowns. “You shouldn’t have to take care of me. That’s not how it’s done.”

I cup his face. “Donnie needs you to take your medication, and so do I, Tyler. Why do you fight it? Do they make you feel sick? What is it?”

“They make me too clear.”

“Okay” —I try to reach him in a different way— “but I want you to be clear so you can be present with me. Don’t you want that, Tyler? To be stable to take care of me?”

He nods and breathes, “*Yeah*.”

“If you take your medication…” I peer through my lashes at him and lift my hips to squeeze his hard cock between our bodies. “I’ll let you do anything to me, Tyler. I’ll let you use me however you want, whenever you want.”

His eyes darken.

I go on. “I’ll let you take me in the shower, while I’m asleep, anything you want. I’ll let you do anything. What do you want, Tyler?”

He runs his tongue along his lip, and I see something flare through his gaze before he reaches between our bodies. His finger slides between my lips, and he pushes inside.

I close my eyes as he explores my plump folds. *No man fingers a girl like Tyler Vaughn.* His masterful fingers have a kind of road map to all the nerves and muscles within me. He recognises the smallest of flutters, circling the flesh to encourage more.

"*God*." I see stars as he fingers me slowly, softly. I can feel his gaze on my face even as my eyes dance in the darkness beneath my eyelids. "That's perfect, Tyler."

"Tell me I'm a good boy," he says, kissing the corner of my lips before sliding his mouth to my jaw, my neck, all over.

"You're such a good boy," I moan, riding a perfect wave of pleasure.

"You like that." He rotates his hand and applies pressure to another place, causing my toes to curl into the sheets. "The way your pussy pulses when I touch you. The way you weep over my fingers. Have you ever squirted before, baby?"

I shake my head, hazy delirium fogging my mind.

"You will. I can make you squirt."

He crawls down my body and presses my outer thighs to the mattress, his large hands gripping the plump flesh, kneading it. The adoration in his touch is everything—he loves the thickness and weight.

He likes your curves, Vallie.

His tongue lashes up the seam of my pussy lips, but he doesn't dip inside. His fingers continue their play, tickling the nerves, stirring them, but not for too long. It's how I imagine edging would be, but without the pain. It's subtle. Too perfectly placed. Rousing—like the slow build of a wave.

He watches his work and fingers me.

"That's it, baby. That little pulse is everything. Yes. God, *yes.* You're leaking all over my hand. Your pussy is so plump, snug, and so warm." He licks me again, just once. "This flavour. It's for me and Donnie. Only us. Yeah? Just us."

"Yes." I moan, lifting my hips, fucking myself on his fingers, needing more. "Only you."

"*Tut tut.*" He reaches up and presses his hand to my stomach, holding me down. "My song. You take the keys I press. At my rhythm. That's it. That's it, baby."

He sucks in a sharp breath; the sound of soft panting fills the room. *God*, I realise it's coming from me.

"Donnie is right. *Mm.* You're our little puppy. Panting for me. I want to make the puppy squirt all over the mattress."

Fighting against the pressure of his palm on my pelvis, I mewl around, my backside squirming. "*Please*."

"You want to squirt, baby?"

I cup my forehead, groaning, "*Yes*."

"Have you before?"

The tickling inside me heightens. "No."

"It's for me. You hear me? I need to own this. I'll be the only one to make it happen. If you ever squirt for anyone else, I'll lose my fucking mind."

His possessive utterance sends shudders up my body. He brings his hand down to part my lips, holding them open as his other fingers glide along my nerve endings, stimulating them to the point of physically buzzing.

God.

I arch off the mattress.

I've never felt this before.

This is too much.

I want something.

A release.

My pulse thrashes in my neck.

Sweat slides between my breasts.

A ball of searing pleasure grows and grows, and suddenly, I'm whimpering as heat rushes to the nerves he is playing methodically along.

"That's it, baby. My mezzo-soprano. Let me have it."

"*God*." A burst of fluid jets from me. "Fuck. Tyler."

I come long and steady, powerful squirts jolting from me. I get wetter and wetter. And his tongue is there now, licking me through the sensation that damn near twists my spine into ropes.

It keeps going.

He's right; my orgasms are longer with him.

The squirting sensation slowly dwindles, leaving a mellow pleasure that pours through me, warming my veins like hot chocolate on a cold day.

Satiated and content, I feed my fingers through his hair, circling the dark strands lovingly as he licks me.

His shoulder blades roll when he crawls up the mattress, his lips snatching what breath I have left on a deep and meaningful kiss.

Needy, he lifts to grip his cock and notches it at my entrance, slowly sliding in, laying his body over mine.

I grip his thick shoulders, a gasp leaving me when he stabs at my cervix. The deep thrusting sends aches through my pelvis. He likes it deep. I remember that.

He presses his forehead to mine and fucks me without ever drawing out completely.

He fucks like he loves, consumingly.

Sweat pools between our sliding bodies.

His hands are *everywhere*, skimming up my sides, gripping the curve of my breasts. He is all thick, defined muscles covering my smaller, rounder body.

His lips skate over mine.

“I want to fill your pussy with my cum, Vallie Baby. I wish you didn’t have that fucking thing in your arm. I don’t like it. It’s not natural. It’s not right to stop me. You’d look so cute with a pregnant belly. You’d look so pretty.” He talks against my lips, his cock thickening as he works the length only inches in and out. “I’d look after you while you’re pregnant. I’d massage your feet and lick your pussy. I’d worship you if you gave me a home with you.”

“*Tyler*,” I groan, my body feverish beneath his. “You *do* have a home with me.”

We barely know each other, you crazy motherfucker, but, God, I love the way you love. I hope this isn’t like a love bomb—that’ll die out. I can’t accept this kind of intensity if it’s going to dwindle. It’ll hurt so bad.

His shoulders bunch as he loses his pace for a moment. Heat from his groan hits my lips. He is taut beneath my fingers as he thrusts. “*Jesus. Fuck.* You feel so good. Made for me. Yes, baby. Like that. Suck me in.”

My eyes roll back.

“I never want to hurt you,” he says against my lips and strokes his fingers up my sides. “I’ll never let anyone hurt you again, baby. I’ll kill every fucker. The ones that look. The ones that mock or stand in my way.”

A growl falls from his mouth, guttural and hoarse. His hips pick up pace, his cock so thick and deep my entire pelvis cramps, but my pussy still spasms with delight to the thorough fucking.

Heat hits my temples.

And I come again.

I hold on as my orgasm jerks through me, and he starts to shudder as my pussy clamps down on him.

“Fuck. Like tha-that.” He gasps. “Fuck. Milk me, milk me dry, Vallie Baby. You want me deep. Want me forever.”

He is big, like his brother, and when he comes, he doesn’t hold back, impaling the tight space inside me over and over again, filling me.

The bed hits the wall three times on each painful thrust, and he growls my name. “Vallie, Vallie, Vallie, *fuck*.”

“That’s a good boy,” I praise, and he groans.

“S-so warm.” His cum builds around his cock, flooding me and pouring onto mattress.

Tyler lets his satiated weight press me further into the mattress, his face dipping to the side of mine, his hair wet, his lips moving on every inch of skin he can find.

“Vallie,” he declares sweetly. “I’m sorry, baby. I’m so fucked up. I come on too strong. Please understand.”

I cup the back of his neck. “I’m not exactly normal, either. And if you just take your meds, I think I’d like to get to know you better, Tyler. We could take our time. Are you in a hurry? I don’t just want your vulnerabilities and your soul. All the other bits that make up *you* are important, too.”

He stiffens. “Slow down?”

“Maybe.” I trace the trembling muscles that tighten along his back. “A little, like, I don’t want to be a mother anytime soon.”

He lifts his head and mischievous intent flashes through his gaze. “Your body knows what you want.” A big hand slides down to my abdomen; he cups the fleshy part over my womb. “You’ll catch up, baby.”

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CHAPTER THREE

VALLIE

My small unit does seem even smaller with this massive man, with an even more abundant personality, sharing it with me. And I don't know how long he'll be here. I hoped my lie would mean he didn't have to hide.

"Have you heard from Donnie?" I move the dirty breakfast plates from the sink into the dishwasher and look across the open-plan living space. It's always been a small space, but it was just me and my books.

"Nope. He's okay. I can tell."

"How can you tell? Doesn't he have a job or… I dunno," I say as Tyler pushes through his third set of fifty push-ups. The muscles in his biceps ripple and pulse with each dip; it's an erotic sight. I don't understand how he can just hang around here. *Doesn't he have anywhere to be?*

"You can text him if you want?" He pants through the next string of short sentences. "He probably won't reply. Might see it. His burner number is under Cronk." He rolls to his back and exhales hard. Finished. "In my phone. Screen lock is 2827."

My fingers twitch to reach for Tyler's phone that is set on the edge of the counter, but I don't, clearing my throat and swallowing that impulse.

Will anyone be missing him?

A friend, family… girl.

I grumble. After stacking the dishes, I fish out the last washing tablet from the Ziplock bag. It reminds me that my fridge is nearly empty, too. I'll need to walk to the shops.

My routine is all thrown out. I'm taking these new developments in my life moment by fucking moment.

A buzz catches my attention; a silent notification appears on the display of my smart watch; a phone call from an unknown number.

My spine twists tight with anxiety.

"I'm going to shower," I mutter, a shiver of uncertainty racing along my arms as I turn and leave.

I feel his eyes on me when I turn into the hallway, and then I grab my phone from my bedside table and head straight to the isolation of the bathroom.

Closing the door and switching the shower on high, I lift the phone just in time. "Hello?"

"Vallie!" I hear Oliver's voice through the spitting shower. "You. Whore. I'm going to lock that dipshit away."

My stomach churns.

I lower myself to the edge of the bathtub.

Sitting, I inhale hard and blink at the closed door, finding comfort and strength in knowing Tyler is close. I can call out to him. I shouldn't. He's not meant to be here. "I don't think we should talk, Oliver."

"Yeah?" he slurs, sounding half-conscious. *Maybe from hospital-grade drugs or a concussion?* "You too busy letting some lunatic fuck your fat arse, Valentina!"

The shower creates a wash of noise around me. The word I most hate—fat—scores a path through my self-worth. That word has power. He knows it, too. When I hear it, I'm silenced, and it's all I become. Fat. It delivers a punch like no other. Literally knocks the breath from me.

"You're an arsehole," I whisper.

"You're a slut. Who is going to be with you now? No one. The cops will catch him. You're alone. I nearly died, and you did nothing. You did nothing, Vallie! How could you?"

I'm confused.

He is *a victim.*

I did *do nothing…*

Then I remember the bruise. "You hit me!"

"You broke my heart!"

"The cops have already been here. Now, I want you to leave me the hell alone, Oliver. For the last time, it's over."

“You’ll never get rid of me.”

My body shakes with rage, hurt, and, I think, fear. But, I refuse to be afraid of him! I hang up the phone, engulf my face with my hands, and scream silently into them until I need air.

I hate him!

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CHAPTER FOUR

VALLIE

Four days later

A knock at the door causes me to roll my eyes so hard I practically look behind me.

Fan-fucking-tastic.

I know it's not Oliver at the door because he's still mumbling incoherently in the hospital. As soon as I can, I'm getting a restraining order.

But the police have been at my front door three times in the past four days, so it's safe to assume it's them. A routine check, they say. But I think they suspect me.

They are all too eager to peer past me and into the hallway, looking for Donnie or lies or clues.

But they have no evidence to arrest me or attain a warrant to search the house, so I've been playing my part and acting the nervous victim, but it's wearing on me. I've never been very good at playing victim even when I was… even when I was Donnie's victim.

Glancing over my shoulder, I check that my bedroom door is still closed —Tyler's asleep in my bed. An ache moves through me, a protectiveness I've never had for another human before making itself known.

Sighing, accepting that I care deeply for him. I walk to the front door, plastering on my figurative ‘victim-face’, ready to go round four with the crew in blue.

I look at my feet and then attire. My slippers and my silk night-shirt and shorts will hopefully make them feel intrusive.

Ready. I rub my cheeks and swing open the door, finding a postman with a…

What the actual fuck?

“Morning, Miss,” he says brightly. “We have a delivery for a Valentina Relli. Is that you?”

Words elude me as I stare at the item on the porch; a silvery dog cage large enough for a Rottweiler or a Doberman—*or a human.* There is a bow on it.

Of course there is.

I blink, and the man clears his throat. “Miss?”

“Yes.” I nod, swallowing over the lump of passion wedged in my throat. “That’s mine, I mean, that’s my name.”

Signing for the cage, I try not to smile, but my traitorous lips want to embrace this message.

The man leaves me on the porch.

Circling the cage, I clutch my hips and study the lavish enclosure. The bow is pink and large, carefully tied to the top and displayed like a flower, the ribbony tale long enough to cover the entire roof.

I reach out and touch the silk. Then I see a small note tucked beneath the fabric. Warmth and discomfort stir through me, filling my chest. I pull the note away from the metal roof and open it to typed words.

Still tucking you in, Pup.

Get comfortable.

D

I beam.

Bastard.

Couldn’t he just send fucking flowers? Like a normal person—but then, we’re not a normal couple… Are we a couple? Not a normal… collective… *Ugh.* We’re not normal!

We are a throuple…

I don’t know how to feel. Maybe I’m meant to feel a sense of dread, a shiver of threat, a deeply unsettling weight, but my heart is warm and airy.

My hands shake.

The cage is an answer to my *what-ifs*…

To the ones that have been festering in me since Donnie left. What-if the connection I felt wasn’t real, a manifestation of my need to please and be liked? What-if he’s using me to protect Tyler until he doesn’t need me anymore, casting me aside? What-if I don’t embrace this thing, this pull between the three of us? What-if I fuck it up?

God, I don’t want to wake up one day, alone, old, bored out of my mind, and realise the Vaughn brothers are my regretful *what-if.*…

The cage tries to answer that.

Yeah, it’s a talkative cage.

Now, to get it inside. I’m fumbling with where to grab it and how to lift it when I hear, “He’s never been subtle.”

The mysterious voice strokes me, from the tips of my ears to the points of my toes, with its smooth, rich quality; a lasting deep timbre that mists my skin in sweat.

Slowly, I straighten and turn to face the man with the commanding tone, anticipating another officer. This will be hard to explain to them; I’ll have to get a dog. And I don’t want a dog right now.

“Can I help—” My words become heavy on my tongue when I see Dexter Vaughn strolling up the driveway in a suit that seamlessly moves with his form, displaying his agile gait and showcasing the muscles in his thighs, the reach of his broad shoulders, the—

Stop staring, Vallie!

I clear my throat. “What are you doing here?”

“Bail. Thanks to a retrial due to a compromised juror.”

He halts at the bottom of the steps and clasps his hands in front of him, resting them against the lush material of his suit. He has money. I never thought to ask…

Do the boys come from money?

He gestures to the cage, his expression effortlessly charming, a smooth, well-defined angular face that resembles a goddamn work of art; freshly shaven, contoured cheeks; his brother’s blue eyes.

“Where is my little brother? Surely, he could have assisted with this…” He muses on the cage. “Item.”

“He’s asleep,” I mutter, then curse at myself.

Fuck, Vallie.

Can you trust this guy?

I tell my hormones to chill the fuck out. *He kidnapped a little girl… He’s a monster.*

My cheeks don’t listen, blooming a rosy hue to match my rising heat. “This is for my dog. I have a dog. A big one. He’s huge and mean, actually.”

Dumb.

He grins, and *God.* “You don’t have a dog. Would you like me to help you with that? You need only ask… *sweetly.”*

Is he serious? I scoff. “I can do it myself.”

“That lie won’t benefit you. Tell the truth.”

Holy fuck me.

His irresistible magnetism forces the truth through my lips. I admit through a small voice, “I can’t lift it.”

“Well.” He takes the three steps up to me, forcing me to lift my chin and squint as the sun cuts around his body. Then, he casts a shadow over the porch. I’m floored. Can’t think or breathe or function. He wraps his fingers around the top handle and lifts it. “It’s a good thing I’m here. Isn’t it, Baby Girl?”

I step aside in confusion as he walks into my house with an air of confidence. Like he’s been here a million times.

Following him in, I watch as he sets the cage down in the corner of the open-plan space and peers around.

“Small,” he mutters, more to himself than to me.

“Well, it’s just me.” I cross my arms over my chest and instantly wish I was wearing a bra.

I look down at my feet—slippers.

Dammit.

“And my dog,” I add quickly.

He smirks. “Right, your dog.”

“Dex.” I hear Tyler’s voice before I see him, and when I twist to find him standing in the hallway, he is statue-still. His stillness is unsettling, as always.

But he is a beautiful sight: his hair is sexily tussled, and his bare chest screams to have my fingers glide down the smooth plane to his low-hanging trousers. The curve of his cock bows out at his crotch, but it's the look on his chiselled face that catches me off guard. He stares deadpan at Dexter.

No manly show of affection?

No smiles or embraces.

"I've got bail." Dexter measures his brother's appearance. "The retrial has been scheduled for next week. Should give me enough time to get…" He looks unimpressed. "Well, the *right people* to sort this misunderstanding out." He nods at the hallway. "Go get your shit. You're coming home with me."

"No." Tyler strolls into the kitchen and opens the fridge, a statement that he is home, maybe. "I'm staying here."

"She is not on the trial anymore, Ty. We don't need her. You don't need to be here anymore. Don't be a dumb arse and come home so I can keep an eye on you."

"I'm glad you're out, Dex. But I'm with Vallie." Tyler rests his back on the counter and drinks from the milk carton like a damn caveman. He stares at Dexter standing in the middle of the living room. "I'm looking after her."

A contemptuous chuckle spits from Dexter. I scowl at him. "So, you think you're in some kind of relationship with this girl? The girl you have been extorting. You're not thinking straight. Again. Come home."

Fury builds in my stomach. "*He* is welcome here," I ground, remembering that simply because he is Tyler's brother doesn't erase the fact that he's a paedophile and a monster. "*You* are not. I don't like that I'm somehow messed up in all this, but I am now. So, Tyler can stay with me for as long as he wants to. I want him to."

Dexter's eyes shift to me. Slowly, a provocative curve greets his lips, turning a stunning grin into a lusty threat.

I shuffle, the intent catching my breath. "Let the men talk, Baby Girl."

"Condescending prick," I punch out, and Tyler laughs. "This is *my* house, and we are very comfortable so go sort your own mess out. Get the *right people* on this, and leave. The police have been here twice a day for days now. Unless you want to bump into them so they can ask questions about Donnie, then you best leave."

"Twice a day, huh? Don't you think it's better for Tyler to be home then? So they don't question him. He isn't a great liar. Don't you think it

makes more sense that he is home? Or they might guess he was the one to drown your boyfriend—”

“Ex!” Tyler growls.

“He is clearly fond of you. He can’t hide that.”

I walk over to Tyler. “I covered it up. I told them that I’ve known Donnie and Tyler for years. I just forgot *your* name. It won’t be a huge shock if they see me with you or him. I did that so I didn’t have to hide Tyler forever.”

He looks at Tyler. “Donnie is on the run, and that’s their focus, but they’ll see through you, Ty. You’ve already fucked this up for Donnie. Don’t fuck it up for me. Come home so I can keep an eye on you until this trial is over.”

“You fucked this up for Donnie!” I bark.

Tyler slides his hand across my stomach, pulling me to him and holds me there. “No. I’m staying here. And I don’t like the way you’re looking at Vallie. She’s mine, Dexter. And Donnie’s. Stop eye fucking her.”

Jesus Christ.

Mental note: Tyler’s meds.

Dexter only smirks, and I want to punch that leer right from his gorgeous face.

“Interesting.” His deep blue gaze targets me, and every cell inside me is set ablaze with warning. As he stares, his tongue darts out and lathers his lower lip; the message is clear and unsettling.

Fuck…

Then he snaps the tension by walking to the door, opening it, and stopping. “I’ll see you both very soon. Ty, I’m here.” He looks back at his brother. “I’m here now. I’m sober. I won’t leave you again. Think about it.”

The door shuts, and I exhale hard, but his words make sense, and I hate that: *“Twice a day, huh? Don’t you think it’s better for Tyler to be home then? So they don’t question him. He isn’t a great liar. Don’t you think it makes more sense that he is home?”*

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CHAPTER FIVE

DEXTER

Horns blast to my right.

"Have you heard from my brother?" I call through the phone, crossing the busy street and filtering through a wave of pedestrians moving around the city.

"Not a peep," Quinn replies, sounding unimpressed by my impromptu call. I get it. He doesn't like me. Like most of our men, they are loyal to Donnie.

Donnie, who has been organising our family's empire since he turned twenty-five and the keys to the kingdom were handed over. I've done nothing but run its reputation into the dirt. I fucking know this.

But they don't know.

My little brothers never mourned our parents like I did. They were too young to experience the shock of being raised by a society of wankers who were simply waiting for us to become adults and take over.

They don't remember our parents…

I do. Our mother's songful voice wakes me in the morning. Our father's prideful smile still flashes in my eyes.

I mourn them every damn day.

Still, I ignore Quinn's tone. "You've sorted the old lady then? It's a whole new jury. We don't need her anymore."

"The granddaughter was freaked," he admits. "She just wanted us gone, but I'm gonna miss Kathleen. If she'd been a few decades younger, I reckon

I'd have fallen in love."

"I need to tie up loose ends," I mutter, catching sight of breezing blonde hair as it disappears into the park. I wind through people to catch up and follow her into the city central parkland. "Donnie has just disappeared."

"Donnie was fixing this mess you made, Dexter. Like all your mess. Your dirty deals and bullshit. He had no choice. As always. He has no choice but to clean up around you and Tyler. So, just because you're sober for once doesn't mean you can suddenly stake the alpha male claim. What are you up to?"

Dipshit doesn't like me.

Doesn't help that I fucked his girlfriend.

Satisfied that he has taken care of the old lady, I close the conversation with, "I'm going to see a girl about a stray." I follow the curvaceous arse that sways with each fast step, creating a captivating rhythm that is hard to tear my eyes from. Her shopping bags hit her thick thighs with a steady beat. She has no idea what those curves do to men.

I pocket my phone.

I've been sober now for a month, and it's uncomfortable. Trying to ignore the liquor sign to my side. The bar, a few shops down, makes my insides feel unnatural. Drunk is normal. Sober is wrong. That's how it has become.

My brain is growling: *"Just get one so you can do this. Just grab one drink, and you'll feel normal. Everyone else can have just one. So can you."* But that's the problem. I can't have just one, and then, I'll be so fucking out of it, I won't think.

I'll just do it.

I'll just take a little girl from her verge without thinking about the consequences.

Curvy Thirteen strides past two joggers, and they turn to ogle her arse in her tight plaid skirt. Another man on a bench seat lowers his book to catch a glimpse. She leaves a damn trail of admirers in her wake.

I want to blacken their vision.

She is my brother's property.

Up ahead, there is a shortcut through the pines to her street. I know this area well. My old office looked down on it, and I used to use the trees to drink between meetings.

That was at my lowest point.

I pick up pace, needing to meet her in the trees so we can be alone.

As I thought, she steers off the path, her blonde hair catching the wind as she disappears into the dense, towering forest. The branches and limbs weave overhead, casting shadows that creep and climb.

She suddenly glances back, but I use a screen of foliage to slide behind and observe her from there. My cock twitches as she takes big breaths in and out, her round tits obscenely squashed into her shirt. I get it. I'd fuck her, too.

She continues on her way.

The sound of rustling leaves and swaying branches overhead skip around her, the noise spurring her strides onward. Sensing me, she quickens to a steady jog.

Reminds me of the rabbits.

They always sense you…

Trees and bushes interrupt my view, but I see flashes of her golden hair, and then she is running.

I chase after her; the twigs under my shoes snap, and the mesh of leaves crunch. Darting to the left, I sprint alongside her and get ahead, ready to cut her off.

I stop behind a tall trunk.

Waiting until the sound of her feet closes in, I pump my fists and then lunge from behind the tree.

She drops her bags as I snatch her throat and thrust her spine into the hard surface of a thick trunk, knocking a moan of air from her chest.

She squirms and fights.

Which does things to me.

I pin her body to the tree with my own, forcing all six-foot-four inches of myself against her little curvaceous form. She is so weak compared to me. Soft and supple against my hard, thick edges. My cock is throbbing, pressing up into my suit pants, needing to get between her thighs, and my brain is firing uncomfortably, mocking my sober state of mind.

I cover her mouth and bend down, meeting her startled eyes. "*Shhh.* I'm not here to hurt you. I just need to talk to you in private, Baby Girl." I hold her gaze. "But wasn't that fun? Running through the trees with me?"

A tear rises to the corner of her eye.

"Listen. You don't know what you're getting into with Tyler. He is not well. He shouldn't be alone with you. I don't think you can handle him.

Send him home, and I'll look after my brother." With a shaky hand, she circles my wrist, adding resistance to my possessive hold on her throat.

"Donnie asked me to look after Tyler," she states, eyes flaring with defiance, and that attitude thickens my cock.

"I don't know you, Baby Girl. Women always think they can handle my brother and all they do is send him spiralling. I'm surprised Donnie trusts you."

"Well, I know you, *Dexter Vaughn*. You kidnapped a little girl away from her mother. You did—" She grits her teeth. "God knows what you did to her. You're sick."

Her words flare anger through me, and my brain barks for a drink to remain calm while my cock throbs to take my discomfort out on her.

"I don't like little girls." I press into her, my hard-on at her soft lower stomach, my lips pressing to the shell of her ear. The scent of her rises to my nostrils. "I like my women thick," I purr, pissed off with what she is implying.

If only she knew…

A snarl rushes straight to my crotch. My cock beats between our bodies, and my eyes darken. I could take her right here.

Teach her a lesson.

Save Tyler from heartbreak.

She begins to pant; her tits puff into me as she strains to breathe within my palm.

Is she turned on or scared?

Perhaps both.

So, I continue. "I like to fill my hands with soft flesh. The curves of a woman are like a drug to me. And I have a very, very addictive personality."

She swallows as I grind against her stomach, desperate to relieve the pressure, raging to control the rushing blood that fills me to utter torture. "Curves like yours, Baby Girl. These—" I groan, feeling the length of her warm body pressed to mine. "Curves. A classic kind of woman like you needs to be fucked hard, rough, and thrown around. I bet you bruise beautifully. I bet I could squeeze these thighs and fuck you all day, and your bruises will tell the tale long after you stop screaming my name."

She is frozen, fearful, yet so fucking excited she is feverish under my touch. I get it—why my brothers like her. But she'll just come between them, and me, too. She'll fuck everything up, and I'll never make amends.

“Then why did you take that child?” she breathes, cutting into my thoughts. “What could you possibly want with her, you sick fuck!”

Fuck. Bitch. I loathe her words, but I get so hard under her feisty voice my pulse thrashes through the veins in my shaft, begging for it to be drained.

“Watch your pretty mouth,” I utter, her hair caressing my lips as I talk. And I don’t think. I bite down on her ear, sink my teeth in and then— Pain flares through my erection, the blunt force of her knee ramming between my legs bashes a growl from me.

My hand slips from her mouth as I keel over and grip my aching cock, palming it.

“*Fuck*,” I growl as she wriggles free from me. She scoops up the shopping bags and takes off into the trees. But I am sure, before that moment, I am *fucking certain*, she was moaning as I sank my teeth in. I could fucking *swear* to God, I felt her rock her pussy into my thigh.

She likes it rough.

Is she different?

Perhaps she won’t come between them.

Perhaps they can share her.

Perhaps I should leave her alone…

I edge to chase after her, but pain floods down my thighs, stopping me in my tracks. Gripping my knees, I pant furious breaths at the ground.

Fuck.

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CHAPTER SIX

VALLIE

I rush through the front door, my hair dishevelled, sweat misting my skin.

My body hums from adrenaline and arousal, both churning through me, making me need something I'd rather not admit. He has some fucking nerve.

I hope his balls fucking exploded.

I drop the bags on the counter, though I know I'm minus a few items somewhere on the forest floor.

Damn him.

At the basin, I turn the lever and water pours quietly from the facet. Quietly… cause Donnie fixed it for me.

Don't think about him.

Staring at the water circling, I wonder how I came to be in this situation —with a man chasing me through the forest, pinning me to a damn tree, and rubbing groans from both of us. I could barely stop myself from using his thigh to relieve the building of something primal inside me.

Kidnapped and used.

Chased through a forest.

My followers would be proud.

The water swirls in the trough, and I watch its hypnotic dance. Then I notice a drop of red hit the whirling pool of water, seeping in the liquid spiral until it dissolves.

I reach up and touch my ear, bringing my hand back to see a small smudge of blood mars my fingers.

That bastard drew blood!

"The fuck?" Tyler's tight voice rushes up my spine with warning. His proximity close behind me lifts hairs on the back of my neck, breaking me into shivers.

And I don't know why, but I don't think I should tell him what happened. I don't know… I haven't had time to consider what I should do.

Startled, I spin to find him glaring at the smear of blood on my hand; his expression contorts with rage.

"Who— How— What the fuck happened, Vallie Baby?"

His large body encroaches on me, forcing my back into the kitchen island bench. He's wild. And tall. So fucking tall, I arch my neck to see his blue eyes. *What is it with these Vaughn brothers?* Always holding my body and breath hostage.

Though, in my mind, Tyler Vaughn, the youngest brother, is a sweet, broken boy, but in the flesh, he's a massive, tattooed lunatic with the face of an angel.

I try to hide my hand, but he snatches my wrist, displaying the crimson stain for him to study.

"Where did this come from? Show me."

"It's a tiny nick," I press softly as he stares holes through my hand as though he hates it.

He snaps his eyes to the side of my face, trailing to my ear, where they narrow and stop. "Your ear."

"I scratched it on a branch," I lie before I can even think.

"*Baby*." The hatred in his stare melts, and I'm so glad I decided to lie— Not lie, omit details that could unsettle him. A white lie. They aren't always a bad thing.

'Protect Ty for me, Vallie.'

'And he'll protect you, too, Pup.'

'From other men…'

Donnie's words slice their way into my mind. He didn't… *He couldn't have meant Dexter? That day, he couldn't have meant Tyler would protect me*

from Dexter?

Tyler sets his warm palms on either side of my neck, his thumbs stroking the underside of my jaw. Dipping to take my mouth, he seals my lie with a deep kiss.

He takes our kiss from chaste to intense when he mashes his body to mine.

His lips drag downward to my jaw before roaming along my neck. Mouthing my skin and groaning his enjoyment, he rubs himself along my lower stomach. His cock bruises the soft skin there, and the image of Dexter doing this only moments ago causes me to reach up and paw at Tyler's strong, muscular blades.

Ty lifts me and plants my arse on the kitchen bench, where he forces my legs apart. Pressing the wide breadth of his hips between them, he fucks me through our clothes as his lips burn a searing trail up to my ear.

I pant to the ceiling.

His tongue slides out and licks, and a sting reminds me of the wound Dexter left. And Tyler is… *Fuck.* He is licking my blood and getting hotter beneath my fingertips.

"Take me out, Vallie Baby," he groans, knocking my core with his cock, a dark demand throbbing through each rhythmic thrust. "I need to feel you. I need you to touch me while I lick your wound."

"Did you take your medication?" I murmur, fighting my body's need to relent to the hard rubbing between my thighs.

"Yes, baby."

"Such a good boy." I grip the seam of his jeans and pop the button open. His tongue continues to treat my wound. Had any other man done this—licked blood from me—I'd have a restraining order for him, but I know Tyler is a lunatic, and I wouldn't have him any other way.

His hands roll over my sides and up to squeeze my heavy breasts.

He says against my skin, "Wait." He pulls away and retrieves his phone from his back pocket. Braces it in front of me. "Look at the camera, Vallie Baby. Show us your pretty flushed face."

"What?" I swipe him away, but he ducks and points the phone at me again. "Turn it off, Tyler. Seriously."

"It's for Donnie, baby. He misses you. I can tell. I can feel it. It hurts him."

"He doesn't care about me, Tyler."

“Baby, you’re *so* wrong. He is aching. Just because he’s not here right now doesn’t mean he doesn’t want to touch you. He wants to. I can feel it.”

My heart pangs, but I ignore it.

Tyler’s lips slide to my mouth and eat at me as he groans words of need and desire. “Take me out, pretend I’m Donnie. Show him what you want to do to him.”

I taste the sour hint of my blood on his lips, feel the loss in his heart. He misses his brother—his other half.

Emotion stirs deep inside me. *You don’t miss him, too, you don’t. He’s a bastard.* “I don’t want to play this game.”

“We’re connected, baby. I swear it.”

Lunatic.

I can’t stifle my smile. I tug his cock out, the heavy throbbing weight capturing a gasp from me. I stroke the hard length. Up and down. “Like a twin thing?”

“*Fuck*,” he groans as I squeeze precum to the tip. “Spread your legs for us, baby.” He angles the camera down, looking at the display as my hand jerks him off. “Show Donnie what a pretty pussy you have. Show him how wet you get for me, for us. He’ll want to see all those pretty folds.”

My eyes roll back, a moan spilling through my parted lips. “But—”

He cuts me off mid-sentence when he uses his free hand to shove my skirt up my thighs and claws into the sheer material of my stockings, ripping a hole at my crotch. “Tyler!”

Ignoring me, he displays my wet pussy to the camera. Two fingers part my lips, massaging the silky juices around the swollen flesh. “*Yes.* See that, Donnie.” He holds the phone between us. “See her pretty pussy, brother. So plump and wet. So warm. You remember what it felt like to be deep inside here. To share her.” He drives two long fingers between my wet folds, sliding them in until his knuckles touch my outer lips.

“Fuck, Tyler.” My mind goes blank to everything but pleasure as whimpers of longing tumble from my throat.

“Yes. There’s my mezzo-soprano. That’s it. *Our* wet, dripping pussy. You squeeze so tight. Donnie, she’s clinging to my fingers. She’s so hot in here. See that?” He scissors his fingers, spreading me for the camera. “Jesus, *fuck*. You’re so beautiful.”

I try to focus on the throbbing erection in my palm, fisting the root and tugging to the tip but his skilled fingers stir and circle, coaxing me, taking

over. Tyler is the best kind of tease, the perfectly paced master of controlling my pleasure.

“Donnie likes it rough. Doesn’t he?” A guttural sound leaves him, a primal indication that he’s close. “Do you want me to fuck you rough, like he would?”

I find myself nodding.

“Yeah?” He smiles. “Yeah?”

My mouth dries—so much so I can’t speak. My pussy is swollen with need, pulsing from my veins, begging for the hard drives his brother gives me. Not Tyler. Tyler is gentle and thorough—intense. I want… *Donnie.*

“Put me inside you, Vallie Baby.”

Arching my back, I wrap my legs around his waist and squeeze his thick length. He bends his knees, notches his cock between my folds and pushes in, parting the thick muscles. My eyes roll back, and I hold onto his shoulders, the wing-like muscles bunching and readying beneath my fingers.

With one hand on my hip, the other holding the phone between us angled just right, he starts to fuck me. I abandon all my senses in this moment to his guttural groans. They cascade around us, mingling with my yelps.

“Take that cock, baby.”

“*God*, Tyler.”

“And Donnie, baby. He wants to hear his name, too.”

“Donnie.” I whimper, emotions over his absence lacing my voice, straining the breath from me with each hard drive. Tyler is too big. Donnie is, too. The stretch is exquisite, and he’s not playing my pussy to perfection anymore; he’s destroying it for his brother—*like* his brother does.

“You like that? You like it when Donnie fucks the strength from you, when he beats the pain through you, when he makes you feel used, and then I’ll lick you better, baby. I’ll hold you. We are made for you. Made to fuck you, lick you, care for you, and defile you.”

My body shudders.

Shaking and used, I can only hold on as he proves his point.

My hands paw restlessly.

His thick length bashing the end of me, wrenching cries of pain and boiling pleasure in my core, brings me to the point of wild abandon.

He pounds pleasure into me.

And I clench around him, over and over, coming with a high-pitched scream that accompanies a name.

“Donnie!”

“That’s our good girl,” Tyler groans and drops his head back. The phone slips from his hand and lands between our bodies. A deep groan pours over me as Tyler comes, shaking violently in my arms.

I press into him, cup his wet neck, and pepper kisses over his sweaty face.

“My sweet Tyler,” I whisper to his skin. “You’re very good at sharing now, aren’t you?”

Still panting through the lingering pleasure, he says, “I was afraid you’d like him more. Once you got to know me, once you realised I’m not… *right*.”

“Don’t be silly. I don’t like him at all,” I lie, and feel that pull to protect him again—my underdog Tyler.

“She always chooses him.” He lifts his head and stares at me, blue eyes cloudy from his orgasm. “In the past, we have shared, and she always chooses him, and then…” His eyes flash with a memory. “He chooses me.”

“I won’t choose,” I promise him.

And he smiles.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

TYLER

My mind is clear.

But I can do it for her.

I lean up on my elbows and cast a shadow over lovely, soft flesh.

She is lying on the mattress with her forearm slung over her face, and the contraceptive implant below her skin is displayed: a 4cm rectangular tube.

A scowl curls my lips up.

And someone put that there.

Someone slid that into her flesh.

Someone else is inside her.

Did it hurt?

Did *they*, he, her, I don't know, hurt her?

Fuck them.

I hum softly, my song matching her heavy breaths, and I climb from the bed, leaving her in a deep, sedated state.

She needed the sleep anyway.

It was a good move to dose her water with Valium. I did it for her. I'll look after her. And she did say, *"I'll let you do anything to me, Tyler. I'll let you use me however you want, whenever you want. I'll let you take me in the shower, while I'm asleep, anything you want. I'll let you do anything. What do you want, Tyler?"*

I can’t hear Martha anymore, not when Vallie is around. I hear Widor on repeat. It’s *her* and Widor’s commanding and expressive notes, and me… And Donnie. I can share her with my twin; *hell*, it’s as though we are the same person anyway.

Moseying around in her bathroom, I search the cabinets for the Lidocaine she put on the fresh gashes across the back of my hands.

With everything I need—Lidocaine, Sharpie, knife—I sit on the mattress beside her and coat her soft bicep in cream. I apply it liberally. And when it soaks in, I apply more.

After thirty minutes, the site should be numb, so I use my finger to manoeuvre the implant under her skin until the end protrudes. I dot the place with the marker. It’s pink.

That’s her favourite colour.

She is so still, drugged and silent—pretty.

Tyler, this is right.

This is so right.

I take a deep breath in and thank the medication for my clarity. I may have gnawed the implant out.

I may have felt rushed and impulsive, but I’m clear enough to do it right for her.

And the music helps.

In my head, Widor’s prowess on the ivories guides me, my own precision and pace as perfectly composed as his melody. I use the filleting knife to get the job done. Cutting a small incision deep enough to push the tube through. She doesn’t even rouse.

Blood snakes down her bicep, and I dip to lick it up. Tasting her metallic soul on my tongue, I hum lovingly. *And then I taste Lidocaine.* That’s not good. So, I stop there and decide to use a tissue, or I’ll end up with a fucking useless tongue and won’t be able to speak.

Or lick her pussy.

See? Clarity.

I got this.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

DEXTER

It’s a quarter past two a.m. when my phone rings. Already awake and unsettled, I sit up in bed, and the bitch on me slides from my chest and grumbles arousal-laced words.

I throw the sheets back and amble towards the office desk. My cock is still rock hard, slapping at my navel as I walk, even after fucking that hooker to the point of a near coma, because I can’t get my brothers’ girl out of my mind.

The name *Tyler* flashes at me from my phone’s display.

Interesting.

I pick up the handset. “Tyler?”

“*No.*” Her soft voice licks my ear, and my cock reminds me it’s hard as steel for her by leaking over my abdomen. “It-It’s Vallie. Vallie, Tyler’s gi—”

“I know your name, Baby Girl,” I say, smiling to myself and walking around the desk. I stop beside the full-length window that overlooks the lake—our entire yard reaches into the forest. A large silvery moon illuminates the boundary between our land and the reserve. The thick woods stretch for miles beyond, and I imagine chasing her soft, naked body through the pines. “To what do I owe the pleasure of your call? Or are you here to offer my balls a healing kiss?”

I hear a door close with a quiet click. “Ugh.”

“A gentle rub?”

Her voice is hushed. “No.”

“An apology then?”

“No!”

“Well…” The amusement is ripe in my voice; her annoyance only makes me harder. “Let me have it. Is my brother feeling okay?”

“He’s… I think I’m in…” She sighs hard.

Why is she whispering?

I straighten, hearing genuine uncertainty in her voice and defeat in her breath. “What has he done?”

Where is she?

Where is my brother?

She spits out a lie, “Nothing.”

“Baby Girl,” I press. “I can’t help you if you don’t tell me what the problem is. I swear to be humble when you finally admit that I was right. And that you can’t handle him. Now, where is he?”

“He’s okay. He’s asleep.”

She pauses, and discomfort pours through me. “What happened? Tell me.”

“He drugged me.”

“*Christ*.”

“And cut my implant out.”

I pinch the bridge of my nose and roll my fingertips up into my eyes. “Okay. I’ll collect him tomorrow.”

“No.”

“No?”

“I promised him. I wouldn’t—” She exhales in annoyance. “I’m not going to give up on him.”

“If you don’t want me to pick him up, then why are you calling me? Because I’m throbbing like a stubbed toe already, Baby Girl, and your voice, all nervous and uncertain, is doing things to me.”

“*Ugh.* I’m committed to *him*. I just need— *Fuck*. Fine! I need help, okay? I need help with him *sometimes.* Not all the time. Just, I’m not sure what he’ll do from one moment to the next and Donnie usually…”

Her words trail to a pause, but I know the rest of this sentence; heard it enough times.

Donnie usually takes care of everything.

I frown. “I’ll collect you both then.”

“What?”

“You will stay in our family home with him,” I declare, trying to leave no room in my tone for her argument. “Until Donnie *‘takes care of everything’* and returns to claim you both for himself. *If* he returns.”

She tries to quell a shuddering exhale, but I catch it. She cares about Donnie, too.

“What about the police?” Vallie objects, hiding her hurt over the premise Donnie might not return behind a rational rebuttal. He’ll return—for Tyler. That is a certainty.

“You said it yourself that they believe we are old friends,” I remind her. “Might as well continue that story. I’ll send a car for you in the morning. If the police stop you, I can only imagine that you don’t feel safe in that house with Oliver still calling you.”

“How did you know Oliver called?”

“I know everything, Baby Girl. I thought you were smart. I’m surprised you didn’t realise how you could use that to your advantage. If he harasses you, it’ll only give Donnie’s defence attorney more to use.” I click my tongue. “Should it come to that… I do hope not.”

“You have done this before.”

“Many times.”

She scoffs. “What for?”

“Fraud. DUI. Assault.”

“I’ll add to that list. Invading privacy! I took that call in the bathroom. Do you have cameras in my bathroom? You fucking pervert.”

I chuckle, the sound coming deep from my chest. The girl behind me moans to the rumbling timbre. “It’s Oliver who is being watched, Baby Girl. Not you, though, I can only imagine… What were you wearing?”

“*Ugh.* Old pyjamas. With holes in them.”

I grin; the vision of old fabric pulling away from thick olive thighs as she sprints through the trees brings my hand to my cock. I squeeze. “Sexy.”

I hear her dubious scoff through the phone. “Trust me, they are not sexy at all.”

While I’m thinking about fucking the life out of her against a tree, grating her skin with the bark, the image of my brother impregnating her, of her round belly, of a small child, flashes in my mind. Then the little girl, what I could be… The one I took that day carves through my thoughts and claws her broken nails along my heart.

“Vallie!” My tone is commanding. “Make an appointment to get that implant back in your arm!”

“Firstly,” she sneers, the speaker crackling under her angry breath. “Don’t tell me what to fucking do. Secondly, I’ve made an online booking already. I can’t get in until next Wednesday.”

“The incision?”

“Just a bruise and a small cut.”

“And until then?”

“None of your damn business!”

She hangs up the phone.

I stare ahead, watching the forest move and rock. This is it. I get a second chance to make amends with my brothers. With Tyler, at least.

Looking over my shoulder at the bitch on my mattress, with her makeup smeared over my sheets, her left leg hitched high, showcasing her pussy, I cringe. I can do better than this. I can be a better man for them. After everything that happened with that little girl, I’ll never drink again.

Never be that messy…

“You have until six a.m.” I state smoothly, strolling around my room, pulling on a pair of jeans and a black shirt.

She mumbles in her sleep.

“Six a.m.,” I repeat and leave her in my room.

Shoving my phone in my pocket, I head downstairs and enter the lounge with purpose and meaning. I don’t allow myself to dwell or think. I open the cabinet—the one that has all my aged whiskey—and I empty it.

I take all that liquid gold to the bin and dump them, listening with a wince to the smashing and splashes. I’ve resisted these for a while, but Tyler won’t believe me. He’ll see the bottles; he’ll remember his drunken older brother. Useless to defend him. Useless in general.

Hell, I don’t blame him.

So, I send a text to our housekeeper:

Tyler is coming home tomorrow. Prepare. Get all the groceries he’ll want. All his favourites. Clean the house. Open the windows. And polish the piano.

Not that he’ll play it.

But I want it presentable.

I want everything perfect.

For him.

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CHAPTER NINE

VALLIE

I can't handle him alone.

But I won't leave him.

What the hell am I thinking?

All night, I struggle with the decision to take Tyler back to his family home, back to Dexter.

But, I toss and turn with images of Oliver arriving at my door and Tyler finishing the job…

And the implant…

Fucking Lunatic.

So, the next morning, I'm stern and strong.

I *tell* Tyler what we are doing.

He goes very quiet, but I don't falter. Not to his puppy-dog-eyes or the lazy way his heated gaze strokes me. My cold shoulder sets the tone. He can see I'm furious about the fucking incident with my implant.

It takes a lot to get him into the black SUV that is waiting for us after breakfast, but in the end, he follows me. I feel as though he will always follow me.

I can't see through the divide between the front and back seats, and the side mirrors have a tint, an ominous metallic grey surface.

Still time to jump from the car, Vallie…

I don't. My arse stays planted to the seat beside Tyler as the car takes us away from suburbia, the urban landscape transforming into rolling fields

and large manner-style homes.

Fallen orange leaves border the streets.

The fences get taller and longer between each driveway the further we roam.

“I did it for us,” Tyler finally says, his tone sad.

I cross my arms over my chest, fixed onto the sprawling outside, unable to look at him after what he did. “I promised you I wouldn’t choose between you and your brother. Not that I wouldn’t be mad when you violate my trust.”

“Violate?” He cringes. “Don’t use that word, baby. I was clear, and I was gentle. You didn’t feel a thing.”

Lunatic.

We pull into a driveway dusted in brown and orange leaves. And the home ahead is grand as fuck—they have money. The house has an elegant symmetry, a testament to history and old-world charm. It’s intricate, too, with greenery creeping over the brickwork and lots of large windows.

Awed, I ask the first thing that comes to my mind. “What do you do for a living?”

“Nothing.”

I turn to him. “What?”

“Trust fund.”

“And Donnie?”

“We have shareholders that run our family business, but he is like, the, ah… final word. Pretty sure, he just signs off on stuff, really. I think I’m enough of a job for him. Which you can now understand, right baby?”

I hate the way he talks about himself.

But yes.

“You’re not a job, Tyler.” I frown at him, but with his underdog floppy hair paired with the wide blue eyes and striking carved jaw, I melt. I hate that I melt. “What about your parents then?”

“Dead,” he announces, just like that, and the word sits like a sad weight in my lower stomach. Dead… *What do I say? I’m sorry? When? How?* “Long ago?”

And now I’m not angry.

Dammit.

“Yeah.” His voice is level, like he’s answered this question a million times. “I don’t remember them. I was raised by a stream of nannies and

watched closely by a corporate body that needed our signatures when we turned eighteen. So, do you make much from your TikToks?"

Nice try. "*Excuse me*, I was talking about you. Don't change the subject, Tyler Vaughn."

"My favourite subject is you," he mutters.

Fuck. My heart flips. I just decide to answer. "With paid promotions and Amazon associate commission from my blog, it's enough to get by," I admit, mentally noting my lack of consistency since the two mentally unstable Vaughn brothers interrupted my posting schedule. "I like to read. Basically, I can get paid to do it, and then talk about it."

"You get paid to read pornography.

"Like a fucking lady does," I confirm.

He smiles but it doesn't reach his eyes. "I'll give you money. You can just talk to me instead."

I shake my head; his intensity is dizzying as always. "I like my job." I've never taken a cent from my own parents, so I'm not taking anything from him or Donnie.

The car stops at the house, but we don't move.

My breath hitches when I look at him, taking him all in. His eyes shift around, never settling on the house or outside for too long. He's a magnificent sight. But I can't stop myself from prying a little further. Dexter gave the air of wealth, but the boys never have. *I wonder why?* "What kind of companies?"

"Lots." He looks at me and then through the window at his house. "Used to be agriculture. Then, times changed. Now, it's mainly technology-based companies. My folks worked with the first IBM machine. Now it's software development and stuff. Can we talk about your books instead?"

The lives of the rich and trust-funded puzzles me. All I know about his world was taught to me by *Clueless* and *Gossip Girl.*

I keep up my line of questions. "Do you or Donnie have a degree?" I ask, still trying to figure out how this all works. "Or any education in that area?"

He sighs roughly. "Dexter does. He's got a computer engineering degree straight out of school. He was supposed to take over everything, but he drinks and fights. He did dirty deals and fucked everything up." He shrugs as though that is that. The entire story.

"*Right…*"

I wonder if he was drunk when he took that little girl… Not that it excuses the behaviour in any way. Or what he did to her— I shudder at the thought.

“Have you ever had a job?”

“I was meant to be a composer.” He grips his hands between his knees, his blue gaze settling on the scars lashing his fingers. “I was meant to do that. It’s not like I’ve spent my entire life doing nothing. I’m not fucking lazy, Vallie Baby. I’m a hard worker.”

“I didn’t mean—”

“I spent ten hours a day on the ivories until my fingers cramped and my nailbeds bled. Lots of money went into my talent, but I had to bleed it out. I’m not right. You know this.”

I reach for him. “I wasn’t implying anything, Ty.”

“I have a record. No one wants to hire me, baby. I think I’d be a good dad, though. You see, that’s what I want. You. Me. Donnie. A baby. Your books. Our love.”

I inhale rationality, trying to control my heart’s desire to leap across and accept every word. I exhale impulsivity. “This again. That doesn’t give you the right to do what you did, Tyler. Just because you want something doesn’t mean I do. You can’t force this.” I dismiss the sincerity of his words and the pleading in his blue eyes with a wave. “And Donnie?”

“I didn’t force it. I was gentle. I told you,” he states curtly. Then reading my unimpressed expression he answers, “Donnie? Took over from Dex. He signs on the dotted line for the shareholders, and we have our trust.”

“*Fuck…*” I try not to sound impressed by the house towering over the car or swooned by Tyler Vaughn’s declaration of a forever with me. I've read hundreds of billionaire and mafia romances, and dreamed of being snatched away from my small unit in the suburbs to live in a house like this.

With three hot guys…

And a baby or two…

I said I was going to take this moment to moment. The Vaughn brothers are my ‘what-if.’ My deathbed regret... My ‘did I really live’? They are the risk I should take.

Right?

How long will I be here? Dunno. *How long will Donnie be gone?* Dunno. *Is Dexter a monster and a paedophile*? Dunno.

Ugh, Vallie.

But what-if you don’t?

My stomach gnaws at that dubious thought. I don't want Dexter to be guilty because it will destroy Tyler. I don’t care about him at all, not at all. There are clearly issues between the twins and their older brother, but they both seem steadfast in his innocence.

The affection is missing.

But the loyalty stayed true.

Tyler’s gaze on me prickles my skin like a tangible caress, and I nod at him with the best smile I can offer under the weight of my hesitation and adrenaline. “Will you show me around your home, Tyler Baby?”

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CHAPTER TEN

VALLIE

Feeling completely insane, I follow Tyler into the house while all my luggage and belongings are carried in by men wearing three-piece suits. Literally something out of a Mafia Romance, and I. Am. Here for it.

As we step inside, I am struck by the sight of old oil paintings adorning the walls—fox hunts and castles. The house screams *old* money.

The lighting overhead, while modern and set into the ceiling, casts warm colours that add to the classic feel of the space. It's clean, freshly clean, with the scent of floor wax and citrus fruits misting the air.

"Well, this is… *nice*," I offer dumbly, shaking my head and feeling as though I need to lie down or… wake the hell up.

Pinch me…

Tyler guides me forward with confident steps but his hand on my back trembles. "I'll show you our room, Baby."

Why is he nervous?

"How long since you have been home?"

He looks around, as though searching for the answer. "I haven't been home since I was first institutionalised at fifteen. I was in and out of hospital and specialist housing. And with Donnie or Quinn, our friend. I was always somewhere else… It's been thirteen years."

"*Fuck*. What about we sleep in Donnie's old room?" I suggest, not knowing why I want to, but I imagine it smells like cigarettes and aftershave and *him*.

As we wander, the watchful eyes from images on the walls follow us, businessmen and women, the playful smiles of young boys that must be the Vaughn brothers. There are holes in the elaborate collection. The perfect rectangular gaps where frames have been taken down; the voids never filled.

I wonder who they took down…

"I miss Donnie," Tyler whispers.

"I know," I say, accepting my affection for him in this moment alone with Tyler. "Me, too."

He half-grins. "To miss someone is to care about them."

"Don't get all pompous-highly-educated-trust-fund-boy on me, now, Tyler." I cock my eyebrow at him as we enter Donnie's bedroom. A large, carpeted room with a king-sized bed pushed against the wall, a very single-man's style.

"You arrived safely." I hear Dexter's voice seconds before I see him standing in the doorway, eyes roaming my figure before stopping at my upper arm. I'm wearing a long-sleeve red dress so he can't see the small bruise left from where Tyler cut out the implant.

Though, it feels as if he can.

I'm surprised I didn't sense him the moment I walked through the front door; this man leaves an impression like an embossing machine. He imprints. Dark hair, blue gaze, with the perfect fucking wrinkles beside each eye. Stupidly handsome. In a suit and tie that is crease-free and figure-forming.

Ugh.

"Where is your dog?" he taunts with amusement dripping from his deep timbre and a provocative tick to his mouth. If I could bite that smirk, I would. I might.

"I think we both know—" I'm suddenly rendered mute as a man carries the large cage inside the room, placing it down in one corner. I didn't grab it. They must have.

A curtain covering the large window strokes the metal bars. And I wonder why it looks more appealing than the bed at this moment. I look back to find Dexter's eyes drilling into me. "I think we both know that I don't have a dog."

"Dex," Tyler acknowledges his brother with one cold word.

Dexter’s expression shifts to his brother, softening. “*Tyler*, I’m glad…” He lingers on his sentence. A flash of genuine emotion—pleading, guilt or regret—stirs like a phantom moving through his blue eyes.

Then, his lips become firm to mask his intent. “I have court this morning. New jury.” Then he leaves, but the pain of his unsaid sentiment soars around us.

After a long day of moving in and being shown parts of the house, I’m emotionally exhausted. And Tyler hasn’t been the same. There is a darkness to him.

The house unsettles him.…

And *I’m* ready to lie down and read a book, escape into the pages. Maybe I can read to him; help him escape, too.

I shower in the adjoining bathroom. The water pressure is heavy, and the temperature is scolding. What else would I expect but extremes and intensity in the Vaughn residence.

I’m leaving the bathroom in my silky night dress and knickers when I see Tyler on his hands and knees.

I freeze.

He is half inside the cage, stuffing it with blankets and pillows. It’s bigger, too. Twice the size that it was before.

How can that be?

I blink at it. “What the hell happened to the cage?”

Tyler looks back at me, his blue eyes crystal clear and swirling with contentment; I haven’t seen him look so comfortable since before Donnie left.

“It folds out. There are two bases on top of each other, so you just, sorta…. slide it out. Then, the bars are further apart, and the cage is twice the size as when it’s portable. And I don’t want to sleep alone.”

“What?” I shake my head. *No fucking way*. “Sleep on the bed with me. Not in there, Tyler.”

“Not just me. Look...” His words trail to silent excitement as he crawls inside and curls on his side. His feet stick out, and he looks ridiculous but undeniably *Tyler*. “You can fit right here, in the curve of my body.”

Holy shit...
He must be kidding.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

DONNIE

My heart beats faster.

Cautious not to wake the house staff, I move carefully around the halls that I know all too well. Like the back of my hand, the saying goes.

I inhale my cigarette, the ember flaring in the dark like a devilish eye. I don't have long and can't be seen because I don't trust Dexter to not be drunk and throw me to the police for a plea bargain of his own.

I wish I trusted him…

Though, if he's awake, he'll see me on the cameras, I am almost certain. Anticipation and impatience spur my steps forwards. My cock throbs to my heartbeat.

The dark amplifies the slightest noise: the paper sizzling at the ember with each inhale, my steady gait, and the curtains in each room caressing furniture.

Moving with stealth and purpose, I navigate my way through the shadowy labyrinth of halls and passages until I enter my old bedroom.

I drop the cigarette and smash it with my boot, leaving evidence I don't care to hide.

My senses are heightened, and the scent of fresh polish and roses lingers in the air. Dexter has had the house cleaned for her. I frown, thinking that's odd.

The only light comes from the moon as it cuts under the swaying curtain. The lightness and darkness move like an eerie visitor in an

otherwise private scene.

I can vaguely see the cage in the corner and know she is wrapped with Tyler within the bars. Together in the cage. He texted me. He tells me everything. I would have found him even if he hadn't. I can feel my brother. I should have known he would find comfort in the cage, too. In the perceived sanctuary it creates.

I hover over them, entwined, facing one another with their legs tangled. They look like something from a Hallmark movie had the cage not been their choice of housing.

Tyler's eyes flash open.

My twin senses me.

"Donnie?" he asks, squinting through the dark, straining to see what I can only imagine is a silhouette.

I lift my finger to my lips. "*Shhhh.* Kiss our girl."

I sense his relief at my presence.

He feeds his hands through her long, blonde tendrils. I follow his fingers, imagining how soft her hair feels. And when he takes her sleepy mouth in a soft, sensual way, I almost feel the wet, supple pressure of her lips on mine.

Tyler gently rouses her with his affection, with the gentle coaxing of his hands and mouth.

I kneel at the side of the cage, behind her and facing my brother. Rubbing my cock through my jeans, I take my time, watching them make out.

Shadows wave across them.

Tyler pulls her silky dress up to her waist, exposing pink knickers that are already bunched in the seam of her arse.

His hands roam her bare flesh before travelling between their bodies, and— She whimpers to a state of awareness but doesn't open her eyes, blindly accepting his tongue in her mouth and his fingers on her warm clit.

They look comfortable.

Dare I say, in love.

When did this happen?

Jealousy finds a hollow in me and festers there. Were he not my brother, my twin, my soulmate, I would murder him for touching her. If she wasn't the leading girl in my dreams, I would hate her for loving him. If my last

breath wasn't saved for each of their names, I'd be raging through envy… I am, and I am not. They are both mine.

She rolls against him, moving with him. She reaches down his sleep pants and pulls his cock out the top, her hand barely wrapping around the thick shaft. I can't see details, but I can make out most of what they are doing.

She has no idea I am here.

Stroking my cock and watching her enjoy my brother.

I wait until they are both panting, until they are both writhing together. Until her moans become whimpers while he works her clit to a throbbing peak. Until his groans become guttural grunts as she tugs his cock to the end, his cum jetting to her stomach, marking her.

He comes easily now.

He is relaxed with her.

No Martha.

She quietens the trauma.

I'm so fucking turned on; I can't wait any longer. I move to the end of the large cage, unbutton my jeans, and push them to bunch at my knees. I want to fuck her through the bars. Like she's a feral little thing I can't release.

I reach through the bars, grab her thick arse, and pull her to her knees.

She yelps in panic. "Help."

Tyler flips to sit in front of her and blocks her from moving away. He grabs her before she can crawl from the intrusive hands pawing at her in the dark.

I grip her hips and drag her arse to mesh with the bars, presenting myself with a wet throbbing pussy to sink inside of.

"It's Donnie, Vallie Baby. Let him have your pussy. Let my brother fuck you in our cage."

"Pup," I whisper gruffly, squeezing her.

"*Donnie*?" she whimpers with longing and relief. The sound nearly sets my cold heart ablaze.

I snigger. "Sounds like you like me today, Pup."

"I don't," she lies and shuffles around, bracing herself on her hands and knees with her feet poking through the bars at the bedding. The thick flesh of her backside presses against the cage, and large grid-like lines indent her curves.

On all-fours for me.

Such a giving, little pup.

"*Liar*," I breathe darkly. That eerie visitor—shadows and light from the moon—moves across her exposed arse, and I pull at the flesh.

My cock is already weeping when I thrust through the bars and push into her wet, hot pussy. So warm. So fucking tight. Such a good fucking girl for me.

I start to pound her through the cage. Like it's been forever. Like I've missed her. Like her pussy is the closest thing to home I can be. And I want to be deep. Embedded.

My hips meet her pinched flesh and the bars. My balls slap the cage. It sends pain and pleasure through me. I don't care. I don't hold back. It's primal at this point.

She arches for me to take her deeper while Tyler reaches between her legs. His fingers return to her clit, circling the warm bud, and his lips return to hers, kissing her in the romantic way I never can.

Her legs tremble as I fuck her tight, wet hole, knowing she can't see me, that she just has to trust us, that we can take what we want, that she is ours.

All ours.

Forever—fuck.

She suddenly lets out a deep moan, and I groan as her climax twists her body into tremors, making her pussy cling to me like a vice. Warm liquid slides down my cock; her orgasm is thick and heavy and wet.

Did she squirt?

"Did you just squirt on my cock? My dirty, soggy little pup. Was that for my brother's finger on your plump, little clit or for my cock stretching you wide?" I growl the words, feeling feral. My inner animal taking over and sending me wild.

The bars create deep red lines in her cheeks; her plump pussy lips bash between two bars and swallow my pounding cock like a greedy mouth.

"*Donnie*," she whimpers a long, hoarse plea for me.

Tyler cups her heavy tits in both hands, massaging them as they jerk forward and backwards. "Good girl. *Easy*, you can do this. You can take him. I know you can, yeah?" He whispers sweet encouragements as I pound her harder and harder.

Goddamn, she's wet. I bare my teeth to the dark, growls curling through my heavy panting.

He is now supporting her weak body to stay upright. “I know you can, Vallie Baby,” he coos, and she whimpers weakly. “You can suck my brother’s cock completely dry using your tight little pussy. Take his cock. Take the way he loves you. Take him, baby.”

“Oh *God*.” She shudders with another orgasm.

My fingers bite at her flesh to keep my pace.

She wobbles, wracked with fatigue—she’ll have bruised knees tomorrow, and her hands will ache. I fuck her at an unrelenting speed, rocking the cage, making too much noise. Fucking hard. Taking her to the point of pain. Like I do. Like she needs. *And I’m fucking done in.*

I can’t control my climax as it fires through my veins. Two thrusts rattle the cage, and I sink in deep, hold her arse to my pelvis, my cock bending at her cervix to get further inside her, and I blow my load.

“There you go,” Tyler praises.

I drop my head back. “Jesus. *Fuck.* Take my cum. Take it, take me. You. Dirty. Little. Whore.” Pawing at her arse, I use her clinging little cunt to milk the cum spurting from me. “G-good girl. You like it when I empty inside you. You like taking my cum into your tight hole.” It spills where we connect. “Such a perfect, messy little pup.”

“You’re not a whore, baby.” I hear Tyler say softly, brushing away the hair stuck to her sweaty pink cheeks. I let go of her arse, and she collapses forward and onto him. “He doesn’t mean that. He loves you. I can feel it.”

Reeling, I come down off that high. I saved my orgasm for her. Haven’t jerked off once. Not even when Ty sent me that video, creating a wildfire of blue balls that I couldn’t escape until now.

I didn’t jerk off.

She has proven her devotion to Tyler over the past week, so she has mine. My cock is hers now and forever. I may never be romantic like my brother, but loyalty is built into every inch of my soul. She is everything we need to stay together. I see that. To keep us as one, like we were in the womb, it’s what Tyler needs. My twin, me, and Vallie.

And what *I* need is to fix this fucking Oliver problem, need to be with them.

I miss you.

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CHAPTER TWELVE

VALLIE

He leaves us in the cage.

Like some kind of a fucking spirit in the night, he doesn't stay to kiss me goodbye. But I think he whispered, 'I miss you' as he left—I could have imagined that…

Could have dreamed it.

And I try not to cry into Tyler's arms as he pulls me into his chest and tangles our legs and feet together. It's a lot. I give Donnie and Tyler all. From the beginning, when they took what they wanted from me. And Donnie, when he was rough and mean, and *now*… I find his absence an ache inside me.

Hello, Stockholm syndrome.

I snuggle in deep, inhaling Tyler, until his breaths deepen, and we fall asleep.

What feels like two seconds later, I am twisted back awake by a sensation I know all too well.

Cramps.

And this is thanks to Tyler tampering with my damn contraception. *Lunatic.* I don't know this house, but I doubt I'll find a stash of tampons in a cupboard.

So, I crawl over Ty and exit the cage. He barely fits in it; his legs need to be bent up, his feet poke through bars. He's a large, tattooed man in the foetal position, but I think he likes it. I wonder if it's a twin thing. Being

curled up in a small space with another human. Reminiscent of something deeply spiritual.

After using the connecting bathroom to wash Tyler's cum from my stomach and splash my face with water, I dress in a pair of jeans and a plain black shirt from my unpacked suitcase on the floor and leave the bedroom and Ty in sleepy darkness.

I have to call an Uber.

The house is cast in low light, but I find my way back to the front door, hopping my shoes on as I go. I stop to touch a spot on the wall where a missing frame once hung.

"You must be out of your mind if you think I am going to let you go after him." Dexter's deep, commanding voice filters from a dark room to my side.

"After who?" I find myself startled, not my usual wit or attitude to accompany me. I squint and see him walk from the room dressed in only jeans, his long, chiselled torso further suppressing my bratty traits.

"Donnie," he states, leaning his shoulder on the frame and eyeing me with interest and suspicion. "You really like them both? You honestly think you can do this?" He laughs with derision. "Love them both. *Please* them both. Keep up with them both. They'll always choose each other, Baby Girl. You know that, right?"

I scowl at him—*brat-mode activated.* "I would never make them choose. And trust me, I can please them." I edge towards him, my body controlled by some misguided desire to prove myself to him. "I can keep up. As you once put it, a *real woman* can easily satisfy two men." So close that I have to arch to keep eye contact, I add, "Or more."

I have no idea why I said that. *What are you trying to prove?*

A smirk slides across his lips.

But then a cramp moves through my stomach, and I breathe deeply, trying not to let the sensation change my resolve. I refuse to break eye contact. Or flinch.

"You're uncomfortable. Why?" He leans in as though he wants to kiss me, but instead, his lips only taunt me. "My brother's cock too big for you? Should try sitting on mine."

I shove his chest, only to find he doesn't budge, and my hands now hum from having touched warm skin over hard muscles, my fingers stir from having been between grey and brown hairs. He's all man. I'm in fucking

trouble here. “You make me sick. You’d fuck your brothers’ girl? You’d disrespect them like that? Just another thing to add to your vulgar catalogue of personality traits.”

His jaw pulses. It’s the first time I know I’m beneath his skin—like he is mine.

“No.” That takes me by surprise, and so does a dropping weight of disappointment. “I wouldn’t fuck my brothers’ girl. I’d never take anything from them that wasn’t offered. That doesn’t mean I can’t watch you.”

I gasp. “What?”

His irritation melts, replaced by dark determination. He gets closer. “Lots of expensive artifacts in this house, lots of important documents.” His grin is menacing. “Infrared cameras everywhere, Baby Girl.”

“*Fuck*.”

“*Yeah.*… That’s right. So, while I won’t touch you, doesn’t mean I didn’t watch you take Donnie’s cock through that cage and get finger fucked by Ty. And pant and sweat and jerk that thick body around.”

Fuck. I don’t know when it happened, but his head has dipped to meet mine and his mouth is talking against my upper lip. I’m lost. In his dominance. In his scent. Words.

I inhale, and his breath carries an erotic image through my parted lips. “Doesn’t mean I didn’t jerk off to the motion of your tits, to the beautiful mess you made on your thighs, to the husky moans they earned from your pretty lips.”

God, I can’t think.

His tongue lashes the top bow of my lips, and he purrs, “Doesn’t mean I don’t want the chance to earn that sound for myself. *Oh*, how I would make you scream.”

So close. So turned on by the thought of all three of them— My heels suddenly lift, my toes taking me a tiny bit higher so I can kiss him, so my lips can meet his, touch, taste, but I stop and blurt out, “I need tampons.” *Fuck.*

I drop to my heels.

He straightens and grins. “I’ll take you.”

“You will do nothing with me,” I deflect quickly.

“I’ll take you”—his eyebrow rises— “to the shops.”

“Oh.” I fight my blush. *Fuck.* “Right. And no.”

I step backwards, putting some serious space between me and the tall, dark, handsome *monster* I want nothing to do with. Smoothing my shirt down my stomach, I right myself.

“I can Uber. I don’t need you.”

“No, you cannot Uber.”

I huff, frazzled. “That was just about Donnie. Before. The kissing thing. I miss *him*. I want to kiss him. That wasn’t about you. At all.”

Oh my God. Shut up.

He walks to the front door and opens it, holding it expectantly. “I know a 24-hour store. Close by. It’s late. I’ll drive you.” His tone leaves no room for argument.

I counter him with, “Don’t you have court tomorrow? You need sleep so that you don’t look like shit.”

Arrogance lifts his grin in one corner; I still want to bite that smirk. “So, you think that I look like shit?”

My gaze slides down his naked torso. I swallow the answer—no. “Are you going to put a shirt on at least?”

“I wasn’t planning on it”—He shakes his head— “No.”

Rolling my eyes, I walk to the door but before I can pass him, he snatches my arm and displays the fleshy part where my implant used to be. It’s now a bruise, and a small dry, red gash. I tug at his hold, but he only tightens it. “This is not acceptable. I wouldn’t have let this happen to you,” he states curtly.

Protective of Tyler, I don’t think before I blast him. “You have done a lot worse. At least I’m not a six-year-old girl.” Gritting my teeth, I tug my arm hard.

He releases me, and I storm straight past him towards the driveway. I don’t look at how my words affected him.

I don’t care.

He drives us, in a sleek, black BMW, around the long, night darkened streets with the only movement outside leaves blowing and dusting the way.

We drive in heavy silence.

At the shops, I rush inside and grab supplies. I haven't actually started bleeding yet, but I will.

Soon.

On the way back, he takes different streets, and the tranquil dark seems to melt as we enter a higher-density area; streetlamps and porch lights filter through, creating a seedy energy. A gust of wind howls across the bonnet.

I blink at the unfamiliar area. "Where are we?"

"Our parents died in a car crash, and I was the only one who mourned them," he states, staring at the road. "My brothers were too young. It was a lonely time for me. I was being trained to take over from that moment. Barely seven and I was offered whiskey and a cigar by the corporation while they bought custody rights from our grandparents who were 'done raising children.' They thought this was an opportunity for us. We had the best of everything. Nannies. Tutors. The corporation kept us close. We had it all… except a real family, a mother, father, mealtimes, Christmas, all a thing of the past. My brothers were too young to miss something they didn't remember. I mourned the loss of our family in isolation."

I blink at him, wanting to bury the mild sympathy I feel but also eager to hear about Tyler and his upbringing. So I don't speak and let Dexter talk.

"I took over the company at a young age, drank too much and wasted money. Made stupid deals that ended in lawsuits. And twice, prison time. I trusted the wrong people. The money and power intoxicated me. I have an addictive personality, as I said to you. That wasn't a lie."

He pulls over and puts the car into park beside a block of flats. I squint at the red-brick, the rusty white fencing, and try to figure out where I've seen this place before…

Then it hits me.

This is where *she* lives.

I seethe. "Oh my God."

"Don't talk. I'm taking a chance being here. But I wanted to show you." Without looking, he points to the other side of the road—an old tavern set into a motel. The lights are on inside even though it's nearly three a.m. "It's a good place to disappear. I can drink all night, and no one bothers me. No one recognises me. And these people, so simple, so fucked up, they make me feel normal. And a woman. An easy woman who met me every night. She sucked me off in the booth. Swallowed. Cleaned me up. And I treated her like shit. She never spoke to me. She never asked for more. Or had

questions. Just took my cock, fifty bucks, some free drinks, and left me the hell alone."

I look back at him. He grips the wheel, squeezing the leather as though he would rather shatter it than go on.

But he does. "I left one night, well, early morning, and I tripped on a rock. I hit my head. I remember waking up a few times. Once, when someone stole my wallet. Another time, when someone took my shoes. And once, when someone pissed on me. I couldn't move. Too drunk." He tightens his jaw and inhales what looks like a calming breath. "Then, a little girl sat next to me. She had dirty socks and a tatty polka-dot dress. She had split fingernails. I only noticed because they were wrapped around a bottle of water. She was holding it out for me to take."

Tears pool in my eyes. I wipe them away as they begin to collect in my lashes. This is not what I expected to hear.

"I took the water. Stood up. And stumbled off. I left without saying a word to her."

He stares into the distance, self-loathing a cloud misting his path. "It took me three days to remember what happened. To remember *her.* In flashes, really. I came looking for her. I found her easily. She was sitting on that step."

He points to the step. The same step I saw in photos that day in the courtroom.

"She was in the same socks, same dress, and her hair was matted. I sat in my 235k BMW across from her and drank my three-hundred-dollar whiskey straight from the bottle. I drank as she skipped stones, as she swung her feet and swayed to a tune clearly in her head, and it reminded me of Ty. Then I saw her mother approach. The woman who gets drunk with me and never says a word. The one that I pay fifty bucks to suck my cock. I pull that note out of thousands in my wallet. I only give her one. I hated her in that moment. I hated myself; I could have given her more. I could have helped that girl, but I wanted nothing to do with anyone. Let alone a single mother."

He fists the wheel with one hand, puts the car into drive with the other, and starts down the street.

The wind rushes past the road ahead as I try to accept all this information and truth.

Clearing his throat, he continues darkly. “I stopped going inside the bar after that. Instead, I would pull the car over and park in that spot, drink, and watch her. For a week. She sat alone on that step, only changing clothes once in that time, but always had the same dirty socks. She waited for her alcoholic mum and the small wads of cash brought back from the bar. And one night, I was particularly messy and… One fucking moment, I just— I just *took* her.”

My eyes widen as he admits it.

As he condemns himself.

He inhales sharply and turns down his driveway. “I told her to get in my car, and she did. I hated her mother even more when she didn’t object. I drove her to a hotel and bought her new clothes from a lobby outlet—Burberry Kids. I ordered her room service. I knew I’d fucked up, but it still didn’t stop me. I ran her a bath, and I faced the opposite direction. She didn’t talk either, just like her mum. Not a word. I could hear her slapping her hands, and peered back once to check what she was doing. And in that moment”—he smiles at the memory in his mind— “I thought it was worth it. Her hair is actually gold. Not brown. She was clapping, shooting bubbles into the air, and I *thought* it was worth it, but then the police kicked the door down, and that is that.”

I can’t breathe, let alone say anything, wholly enraptured in his painful story where there is no villain, and no one is saved either.

He parks the car beside his house and turns in his seat to look at me, eyes blank and motionless. “I kidnapped her.”

All of a sudden, the hate and disgust I felt for him fizzles away. The look of regret in his eyes, his open bleeding heart.

I can’t.

“You have to tell the truth,” I blurt out.

He shakes his head slowly. “No, baby girl. I’ll do time even if they believe me. Kidnapping is kidnapping, but that’s not why I can’t. She’ll end up in the system and have no parent at all if I tell the entire story. Parents are important. Even shitty ones are better than none.”

I don’t know about that…

His childhood is warping his perspective.

“So, you’re just what?” The injustice of it all heats my veins. The justice system doesn’t play in the grey. But humanity exists in it. This is not

black and white! “What are you planning then? You said you had people looking into it.”

Trees through the front windscreen rustle. He leans back and grips the wheel in both hands, sighing roughly. “My colleagues were trying to find the mother. Pay her off. But she’s been relocated. Court-ordered, I imagine. For her safety.”

“This is so unfair,” I mutter like a petulant child.

He laughs, and it’s rough and genuine and, *ugh*, yummy. The sound moves warmth through me. “You’re rather adorable when you sulk, Baby Girl. Life is unfair. Does this mean you no longer think I’m sick, vile, a monster with a vast catalogue of vulgar personality traits?”

I can’t hide a small smile, pink blooms across my cheeks. The word *adorable* has never sounded so damn sweet. Why Dexter Vaughn calling me adorable has affected me so much, I don’t know.

I’ve had this attraction to him all this time, but I hated it, suppressed it, ignored it, yet it’s been building and building, and now I’m feeling it intensely. It’s like pouring rain. Soaking me with affection towards him.

I was wrong about him. “Your personality catalogue has been updated. Though, I do enjoy our game of push and pull. So, I’ll happily keep monster in the catalogue so you can chase me through the trees again.”

His expression softens, and he nods to the house. “You should go inside before I become completely infatuated with you. That can’t be good. And if Ty wakes up and you’re not there, he may take that poorly.”

“You really love him.”

“More than anything.”

My heart feels strange.

Grabbing my supplies, I leave Dexter in the car, not looking back to see what he does next, not trusting my feet or heart to behave.

So, I race to Donnie’s room but stop when I see a cigarette smashed into the carpet. It’s disrespectful. I frown at it. That’s Donnie’s message to Dexter. If only he knew that his big brother is trying, he’s changing.

Sighing, I go inside and throw my clothes to the bed. I fish out my comfortable sleeping dress from in my luggage and quickly crawl back into the cage with Tyler.

I cocoon myself into the curve of his long body. And in his slumber, he pulls me against him.

This is special; this thing between us all.

I stare at the bars, unable to sleep, unable to get that story and its sense of helplessness from my mind.

Is that little girl better in the system?

Maybe she'll get a loving foster family?

Would my sweet Tyler have been better off?

I inhale Ty's minty scent and close my eyes to hone the feeling of his warmth, to focus on the strength in his muscles. He's *strong*. Intelligent. Gifted. I think he can heal. Maybe in this house, they can all heal together.

Maybe I can help.

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN

TYLER

As I turn the corner, I catch sight of her and almost forget what room she is walking into. For a moment, my senses only catch the flow of a pretty nightgown, the pattering of her feet—a quick tapping of the keys—the round arse that moves beneath pink silk.

I follow her.

Then I stop in the doorway.

The sustain pedal in my mind presses down suddenly, the dampers lifting off the strings, the notes singing and singing and singing out…

I turn to stone as she slowly approaches the Steinway and Son's grand piano that sits royally in the centre of this room. Nothing else surrounds it.

It's a temple.

It faces the window, overlooking the east side of the forest. The glass always seems to disappear in this room, the mauve carpet giving way to green grass and foliage in a way that makes them become one. And I remember my music flowing into the forest.

I'm so clear…

My music was ribbons of red, sometimes pink and orange, that twirled through the trees. Complimentary opposites to the greens and browns of the lush woods. It's why my blood is red. Why, when I bleed my talent out, the red seeped from me, the red ribbons— I blink the daze away, quiet detached notes hum in my mind.

I know that's not right.

I know blood is red regardless of my talent.

I focus on Vallie again. Her footsteps are hesitant, a light tinkering that doesn't match my fiercely pounding heart. I can't move as she reaches out her soft hand and touches the lid. I groan from in my chest.

Obviously, thinking she is alone, she continues to admire the graceful instrument. She caresses the sleek mahogany curves, and my cock thickens against my thigh.

But… then Vallie lifts the lid and—

My heart skips, adrenaline surges inside me, and my world narrows on the ivories—a line of black and white teeth.

Bile hits my throat.

Martha stabs at the piano's open mouth in one powerful motion, her fingers glide effortlessly, arrogantly along its teeth, too skilled for her own good because no one can live up to her, not her crescendo of perfect sounds. Not them. Not her. Not me. I can't.

"Don't touch it!"

Vallie clutches her heart, spinning to face me. Her chest moves beneath her palm, hammering away. "You scared me…" She takes a big breath. "Can I play it?" she asks.

"No." I am surprised I manage to speak when my body is paralysed. Frozen in fear. *Of what?* I don't know… I am fucking terrified that I'll walk over and touch it.

Touch it…

I steel every part of me, but my heart is a siren between my ears, reminding me that I'm still just a scared little boy, disappearing into sounds and notes that aren't being played.

Vallie's eyes slide down my body and stop at my crotch. I manage to lower my gaze enough to watch my hand rubbing my cock through my pants.

"Tyler, your hand is always down your damn pants. Dirty boys can't play piano."

"*Ty*," Vallie breathes, her soft voice reaching me even as my heart threatens to deafen me forever, blowing my eardrums out so I'll never hear Martha again.

I look back at the piano.

In case it moves or… plays.

She walks to me and grabs my hand from my cock, holding it in hers. She sweeps her thumb over my knuckles, purposely touching my scars, owning them. Accepting.

It's the smallest gesture, but it reminds me that she is different. That she is mine. And I am hers.

"Play something," she pleas, and I look from the piano to her soft gaze. "Just sit there. I'll sit with you, Ty. I promise you'll be okay. You're in control now. This is your piano. And I am your girl."

"I can't."

"You can. Just for fun."

I shake my head slowly. "It's not fun."

"I let you do things to me I never thought I would. Last night, I let you and Donnie have complete control over my body. I was scared at the start, but then, I let it go. And I felt safe. Let me be your safe place. Let it go. I read that facing these things in a safe environment means you can—"

"Don't push this, Vallie," I snap my attention to her, and her love vanishes. *Is that real?* She looks like my piano teacher. Unhappy. Unimpressed. "Is that your real face?"

She blinks at me. "What?"

"You're angry?"

"I'm not angry." She lifts to her tiptoes and kisses my lips softly, but I don't respond. The piano won't let me kiss her. But she coaxes me with her tongue until I relent.

I kiss her back.

I kiss her in front of the piano.

I kiss her and look over her shoulder at my last mistress. The rich wooden curves and graceful lines flood my body with heat, with warm blood that rushes through pulsing veins.

I am so hard, it hurts.

"Vallie, Vallie, Vallie," I say into her kiss and lift her to straddle me, supporting her soft round arse in both my hands.

She is not light.

Her weight is perfect.

Heavy enough for me to know I am holding a woman, but not too much that I can't carry her over to the piano. I keep her between me and… *it.* Then I put her down on the keys.

Her arse bashes a strange melody as she compresses the keys, too many at once, too close, too quick, blunt, but it's still beautiful, and I nearly blow my load.

Groaning, I whisper into her hair. "Quick." *Can't overthink. Can't let the voice in.* I put her feet on the stool, and I spread her legs. "Show me your pussy."

I lick my lips, as a tickling of notes soothes me. Widor's fingers effortlessly sliding across the keys. I worship Vallie now. I drop to my knees for her.

"I'm getting my period soon," she protests weakly.

"Soon? *Baby*, I don't care if you have it now. Music is red. I am eating your pussy in front of my piano." I push her knickers aside and lick her folds, for her. For me.

For us.

Her hands feed into my hair. "*God*, Tyler."

Her silky juices are luxurious against my tongue, her pulsing flesh responsive and needy.

I love the taste of her.

I could lick her pussy and suck her clit all day, effortlessly navigating her folds and nerves just as Widor does the keys. The female orgasm is so similar to a beautiful composition, a subtle note, held for the right interval, bashed at the perfect place in sequence, then drawn out to a bold cascading of sounds. It's beautiful.

She rocks as I eat her, her plump arse rolling, the keys beneath her singing in an odd sequence, a confusing register.

"That's so good, Tyler," she whimpers.

Her pussy flutters against my tongue.

She moans, and her lush, thick thighs squeeze around my face as she rides my tongue. "Such a good boy for me."

At the sound of her praise, I hiss through my teeth and thrust my hips forward, fucking the air. So hard. Need to be inside her.

Can't wait. I stand and lift her again before sitting in front of the piano and placing her on my lap.

Quickly before I can think, I shove her knickers aside and expose her pretty, wet pussy lips. They drip from my saliva and her arousal. She lays her back on the edge of the keys, and I'm on fire.

I rip my cock out and shove into her, bashing a yelp from her. “That’s it. *Fuck*. This is what you get for pushing me.”

Relentless, I bounce her on my lap, impaling her in front of the piano. Making a point. Proving something.

“You like that, yeah?” I sweep her hair from her neck and lick her slick skin, tasting salt from her sweat. “You like being fucked by me. Being full of my angry cock.” My voice is rough. “You like the scars rubbing inside your pussy. Ribbing just for you. How many can you feel? Each cut? Each angry reminder? Do you like to feel the gashes of my insanity deep inside you?”

I grip her hips and work her body on me. Heat buzzes through my balls. All of me is tight. Angry. Sad. Unsure. I fuck it all into her. All the feelings.

“I love you.” Her words clash like cymbals, her heavy breaths create rhythm, and the offbeat panging of keys build, a crescendo of sounds between my ears. “I love you just the way you are, Tyler Vaughn.”

She loves me… She loves me, she loves me, she loves me.

In the throes of pleasure, I reach out one shaky hand, and without looking, I stroke two keys to the side of her, back and forth. Back and forth. *Fuck.*

It’s the most intense sensation of my life, feeling her, fingering the ivories, listening to them hum and beg for my touch, for my play, to be owned.

They wait to be pressed.

By me…

They wait while I fuck her. My Vallie Baby milks my cock, moaning and jiggling, bouncing on me, while I become acquainted with these two keys.

They wait for me.

My balls draw up tight, filling, pressure like I’ve never felt before hitting my forehead and chest.

I can’t stop myself.

I push down on those flirty bitches, they play, and I jolt as pleasure bursts through my cock, powerful, growing, the echoes of that note ringing in my ears.

And I come into my girl’s tight pussy as a suspended sound moves around us. It hurts. It’s beautiful. It’s the best fucking feeling in the world.

“Vallie.” I groan, burying my head in her hair. “Vallie, Vallie, Vallie.” I start to sob softly, my cock still pulsing inside her, still spurting hotly and deep. “I’m sorry.”

Her adoring hands move up my spine to the back of my head, fingers feed through my hair, and nails gently grate my scalp. “*Tyler*. You did so good, baby. It’s going to be okay. *You’re going to be okay.”*

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Chapter Fourteen

Donnie

Tobacco, citrus, and the signature scent of yeast clings to the walls of the old tavern.

At the bar, I watch Vallie's most recent TikTok on my phone, one with her cage and my bedroom as the backdrop.

A message for me, Pup?

Missing me already?

Obviously, it's a great prop for her to use. She doesn't focus on it in the video, but the comments from her followers go crazy with questions and hollering. My girl is very good at subliminal hooks.

I kill the display on the image of her, my mind made up. Across the dimly lit bar from me, Oliver tries not to groan as Veronica gets him hard again under the table.

It's the fourth time…

She's been playing with his dick for hours while they flirt. It's the first time he's been in public since the incident. He's already up to no good.

Fucker hasn't learned his lesson yet.

Veronica's tits are sitting on the bar top, full double-Ds, nearly spilling from her low-cut white camisole. Pair those *bad boys* with her hand frequenting his shaft through his jeans, and he'd be aching through some serious blue balls.

I paid Veronica to be here.

This is too easy, but Oliver is as dumb as shit. I only wish I could remove his teeth, pluck one out at a time; the only thing stopping me is *her.*

I need to get back to Vallie.

Weeks ago, when I first decided to torment my Curvy Thirteen, I never thought for one moment I would fall. I never thought I'd care like this. I do. Too much.

I set my beer down on the Jack Daniels bar runner and continue to watch their courting.

Oliver stands on wobbly legs, then grips the bar with a laugh. He's pissed. And horny. Perfect.

Veronica makes fuck-me eyes at him, and the smile that consumes his face plays right into our game.

She takes his hand, leading him around the high tables and stools towards the back. She is thick like Vallie, bouncing to the music, peering back at him in invitation.

Not as pretty as my pup.

No one is…

She needs to be like Vallie. A reminder. A tease. Oliver needs to be controlled in this way. His own self-hate is what makes him lash out at girls. Mock their appearance. It's important that he sees himself as above her.

Pulling my hoodie down to cover my brow, I follow them into the back alleyway.

I stoke up a cigarette and watch him hump her beside a rusty drainpipe. Opposite them is a window, and above them the moon, creating enough light to see.

Inhaling the scorching smoke, I can't help but feel this is my own personal hell. Watching a girl like Vallie get dry-fucked against a brick wall by this arsehole, I could easily kill him.

I want to.

I won't.

He's not even inside her, but his shoulders are bunched in crazy tight—dude is in all kinds of distress. He needs to get off. I know how he feels right now: intense pressure building at his groin, aching through his muscles, a heartbeat that thunders for a release.

It's painful.

Something men can't switch off. It's in every inch of our being—he is right where I need him. Desperate. I retrieve my phone and start to record.

Soon, he is spinning her to face the wall, and she gasps a little. Could have been excitement. Wasn't, though.

Kissing her neck, he uses his heavy body to hold her to the brick as he pulls his cock out. The *fuck*. He's gonna explode if he doesn't get that purple thing inside her. I wonder how long it's been. A long time—better have been a long time. I want to cut it off, knowing it's been inside my girl.

"I don't think we should," she protests.

"You have to be kidding me?" He sneers. "After all that? You fucking bitches are all the same. You should be so lucky to get all over my cock. It's okay. I'll pull out."

"N—" she starts, but Oliver covers her mouth on the word. Can't hear the word *no*. She never said it. *Right, mate?* So predictable. He fights with her underwear and pushes into her. She'll be wet. It'll be easy to get inside her.

I suck the cigarette, draw the smoke into my lungs, and hold it there as I record the designed rape scene.

Veronica thrashes against the wall, sobbing into his hand, but her pussy would be clinging to him like a fucking mad, lock-jaw dog. She loves rape play. I'd know.

I watch him pull out.

And jerks his cock off on her thigh.

He loses momentum to his orgasm enough to drop his hand from her mouth. He stumbles backwards, his floppy cock slapping his leg.

She collapses to the floor, fake crying to the pavers. Her thighs are dripping with his cum and her slick juices. She would have orgasmed, but I bet he didn't even notice. Which is perfect—as I planned.

"You liked it, don't lie."

"Please just go," she sobs.

"Fine by me," he grumbles, tucking his flaccid cock back into his pants and spitting on the pavement beside her curled body. It's a nice touch. Cinematic. From this angle, he could have been spitting on her instead.

I share the mp3, sending it to Quinn's email. And I leave the scene.

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CHAPTER FIFTEEN

VALLIE

Their house is old, but the commodities are modern and clean. In the lounge, the sofa is an L-shape with wide, roomy cushions, and the chandelier overhead adds the perfect mood lighting for a romantic movie night.

"How do you feel? Being home?" I snuggle under Tyler's thick, strong arm and pull my legs up to the side, leaning in close to him.

He's in grey sweatpants and a casual white shirt while I'm sporting one of his other shirts, which clings to my breasts, stomach, and arse and ends mid-thigh.

I like it…

The shirt.

This house.

And them.

It's the first time I've watched The Notebook with a boy because Oliver isn't going to watch a fucking romance with me, *now, is he?*

No, Vallie.

But it's my favourite movie, and Allie plays the piano. So, I'm trying to condition the instrument back into Tyler's life. Pair it with good feelings. I don't know if it'll work or not, but I'll try anything to help him. Warmth washes through me as the scene by the piano plays back in my mind.

This morning was a success.

He touched it and didn't cut himself.

Tyler swallows, brows weaved in as he thinks. “It’s *strange*,” he answers and kisses the top of my head. I can’t quell my deep, contented sigh. He is the perfect lunatic. “But… *Okay.* I feel okay. The place doesn’t matter, Vallie Baby. I can be anywhere with you, and I’ll be *okay*.”

“Because you love me?” I nudge him in the side with my shoulder. I’m ready to hear it today. Loud. Clear. When he’s seemingly calm and sane.

He turns and presses his back to the arm rest, facing me with striking blue eyes partially curtained by a loose dark fringe. “Because you’re mine. And I’m yours. And Donnie is ours, too. And we’re his. I do. I love you. In freestyle and all the other styles.”

Not so sane…

I almost laugh, his words still drenched in his own brand of crazy sauce. The kind I’ve read about in my books. The kind I now have. I tuck back into place, and he settles, too.

“I love you, too, Ty.”

“I see you’re comfortable. That’s good.” Dexter’s deep timbre breaks the moment. But when I look up, I only *just* catch his retreating back as he walks away.

Every part of me itches to go after him and ask how the trial went today. *Did he take the stand? Is he pleading the fifth?* I want to beg him to reconsider and tell the truth for her—for us. He might not get prison time. He might get community service or… something else. *A fine?*

Wishful thinking?

Go after him, Vallie.

Tyler won’t like this…

Clearing my throat, I lift Ty’s heavy arm from over my shoulder and slide out, saying, “I think I might have to go to the bathroom, it might be *that time* now.”

I still haven’t got my period, but the infrequent cramps haven’t let up. It’s odd, but I did have my implant cut out unexpectedly, so my body is just in shock.

I go to leave Tyler with that lie, but then the weight of all the other’s I’ve told him glue me in place; he’s not a child.

I twist back and gaze at him. “Ty? Actually, I think someone should see if Dexter is okay. It’s the third day of his trial, baby. And you know— You know he didn’t hurt that girl.”

His eyes coast across my face. “You believe us now?”

“Yes.” His story is too real. “I do.”

A look of suspicion settles into his gaze. “Don’t get too comfortable with him, baby. I don’t want him to disappoint you. He might promise things now, but he’ll end up hurting you. I’ll hate that. I’ll hate him even more for upsetting you.” He shrugs. “He said he’s going to sort it out, anyway. Said he didn’t need us. Remember? He’ll get the *right people* on it.”

“I hope he has sorted it out.” I lean in and kiss Tyler on the cheek, freshly shaven skin meeting my lips and aftershave greeting my senses.

He grabs my arm to stop me from leaving, drawing my attention back to him and the deep concern in his expression.

I place my hand on top of his, touching the raised skin and grooves, sending him a message. They aren’t becoming him. He can be reasonable.

“I’ll be quick, baby.”

Without a second glance, I stand, my hand slipping from his, and walk in the direction Dexter went. I feel good about being honest with Ty now.

I find myself in the kitchen, watching Dexter open the fridge and stand in the opening, just staring at the contents.

He has a navy suit on, and the fabric is flawless and expertly tailored to the contours of his powerful physique.

“I’d usually grab a beer,” he announces coldly, sensing me or having heard my footsteps approach.

“How was the trial?”

He closes the fridge, frustrated, and turns to stare at me. His tie hangs loosely around his neck, his collar open at the top few buttons, offering a peek at chest hairs.

“We’re not doing this, Vallie. I told you so you wouldn’t hate me. I can’t spar with you tonight. I’m too tired.”

Deflated by his tone, I just nod. *Does he really want me to leave? Or is this a defence mechanism?*

I move to the kitchen island, a stunning stone top with vivid gold marbling. As he reaches for the bridge of his nose, rubbing tension away by massaging his eyes, I slide up to sit opposite him.

He lowers his hand, eyes meeting mine. “Vallie.”

“Yes.” I don’t move, overwhelmed by the need pouring from him in potent waves. “Do you want to talk about it? I’ll behave. No sparring.”

He sighs, a rough sound. “I’ve done time before.”

I slowly nod. “Okay.”

“Many times.”

“You don’t have to this time. You could tell the truth and try to get a suspended sentence.”

“No.” He pushes off from the kitchen countertop and walks towards me, stopping close. Too close. His sharp gaze roams my body, assessing the stretched fabric around my breasts before moving lower to where my thighs press together below the lower seam.

My breath catches as he is now close enough to touch, and smell, and *feel*. All of his energy. His eyes pierce holes wherever they slide. “I won’t do that to her, Vallie. I won’t take her from her mother,” he finally says.

Is this about Tyler? About not having parents? “You said the little girl was humming…” I reach to understand him better. “She isn’t Tyler, Dexter. The situation is different.”

The strength in his shoulders loosen, and he drops his forehead to mine. I try not to gasp in shock. Never in a million years would I ever imagine Dexter Vaughn to be vulnerable with me.

Closing his eyes, he rolls his forehead against me. “You’re so fucking adorable,” he whispers. “I wish you were mine tonight. I wouldn’t even be rough. I’d do you slowly, catching every little flutter. Not missing a single whimper.”

Fuck.

What am I doing?

I cup the back of his neck and let him lean on me, just breathing deeply. He places his hands flat on the counter either side of my hips. His air clashes with mine. His heat and sadness swirling around us, a little less lonely for a moment.

“The fuck?” Tyler’s dark utterance causes Dexter’s head to rise from mine and his hands to slip from beside me.

I don’t know what to say.

Tyler is standing at the far side of the kitchen, with his hand twitching beside a block of knives, the handles a few inches from his grasp.

Fuck.

I slide from the counter.

Stepping slowly backwards as if to not spook him, Dexter displays his palms in surrender. “Easy, Ty. I’d never touch her without your permission.” He shakes his head, all that sadness sitting in his crushed blue eyes. “I just

needed a moment with someone who doesn't fucking hate me or think I'm a shitty person."

"Pick. Someone. Else," Tyler states in a deep, even tone that stirs cautious through me.

"*Ty,*" I say his name through a gentle plea. A plea for him to be reasonable. Calm. But he is rarely calm, and in this moment, the depth of his possessiveness turns his eyes to slits.

Physically, the brothers are nearly equals. Height above six-three. Lean but for bunches of muscles in virile places, biceps, thighs, and abdominals.

God, they are both powerful and striking. I don't know who would win in a fight, though I imagine Tyler could withstand a level of pain his brothers might not.

Dexter looks at his brother, dropping his hands to his sides in utter defeat as though the weight of it is now lead in his veins. "I'm sorry, Tyler."

He isn't talking about me.

Tyler stiffens further, his lashed fingers trembling by the block of knives. "Stop it."

"I am." Dexter takes a step towards his little brother, and Tyler draws the knife from the block in an unhurried, eerie way that causes my insides to contract.

I cover my gasp. "Ty, no."

Dexter takes another cautious step. "*Tyler*." He shakes his head, slow and meaningful, not acknowledging the knife but diving into the pained eyes of his little brother. "Please. Forgive me. I've changed."

I ache for them.

Tyler scoffs on a sob, and my heart leaps to hold him. The humming from his lips is melodic and sweet and battles with the torment in his wild gaze. "Where were you, Dex? When I was in hospital? When I needed you? I'm clear now. I know you weren't there."

"Drunk," he admits strongly, honestly. "I was drunk. Spending money. Dying inside. I'm so sorry. Let me be here for you now. I want to be."

Tyler's fist tightens around the handle, the kitchen light sliding down the silver surface of the blade. "I cut everything out. Even you. I cut you out. I don't need you."

"You didn't." Dexter gets within striking distance, the tip of the knife a few inches away from piercing his chest. "You can't. I won't go. I won't leave. I won't move."

Tyler braces the blade.

Too still, dangerously so.

Dexter takes another step.

Tyler's gaze tracks him.

And his big brother steps into the blade, sucking a sharp breath in as the tip disappears into his shirt, the evidence of further depth a seeping red liquid expanding like tie-dye.

"*Dexter*," I plea, wanting him to stop.

"*Tyler*." Dexter ignores the knife, opening his arms wide for his little brother. "Please. Give me another chance."

Tyler squeezes his eyes shut. "No."

"I'm sorry," Dexter presses, desperate. "I know I let you down. If I could, I would take every scar from you. Every moment with that bitch. I would listen to you when you told me things weren't right. I would ask more questions. I would open my eyes and see for myself. It was right there. Happening right in front of us. I was blind. I'm sorry, buddy."

Oh, God.

"No!" Overcome, Tyler drops the knife, sobs racketing violently through him, his chest heaving under the effort to contain them. "No."

Dexter grabs Tyler.

He envelops him in a strong hold, it's almost violent, but then, it is two men fighting through love, loss, sorrow, and guilt. It is firm and unyielding, just like Dexter's promise to never leave him again. He forces his little brother to stay in his arms until… Tyler's body melts. Relents. *Accepts.* And he returns Dexter's embrace.

My eyes burn from tears.

The healing moment between them stretches, and neither brother is willing to release the other just yet. And the word sorry is repeated in Tyler's ear over and over. I'm *sorry. Sorry. Sorry.*

Then, awareness slides across me.

A slow clap begins from the other room. I feel the heat of Donnie like rapids, and turn in time to see him appear from around the corner, clapping to a slow, second at a time, beat.

"Well, that was heart-warming."

"*Donnie*," I breathe his name. My voice is a rush of relief, one I can't hide for the life of me. "You're here."

"Observant, Pup."

Ugh. He's a bastard.

"Donnie." Tyler steps back from Dexter and rushes to embrace his brother like a small boy seeing his father again after years of separation. "You did it! You fixed it!"

"Charges dropped," Donnie confirms, squeezing Tyler while assessing Dexter over his shoulder. He pushes Ty out in front of him. "*Ty*. The arsehole lived, but we got him, brother. I've got footage of him being a fucking idiot, and he knows I'll use it. We don't need to take this further right now, okay?"

Tyler gapes. "He's alive?"

Shocked, I can't help but ask, "What did Oliver do?"

"How much did you hear just now?" Dexter cuts in, far more interested in addressing the elephant in the room or perhaps changing the subject so Tyler doesn't focus on this new development to the Oliver story.

"Caught the second act and through to the finale." Donnie's gaze drops to the blood seeping into Dexter's shirt. He smiles. *The bastard smiles…* "Do you remember when we used to fight as kids, Dexter?" he offers smoothly. "Year of the rabbit—me and Ty. We'd stripe warpaint on our cheeks and roll up our sleeves." Donnie's gaze edges slowly to me, the glistening of love and dark intent fighting for the throne within them. "We would hunt the feral rabbits, Pup. You see, if Dexter or I caught one, we'd kill it quickly so we could eat it for lunch that day. If Ty caught it, he'd play with it. Feed it. Stroke it." He squeezes Tyler's arms, grounding him. "You kept your bunny as a pet for a year until a spider bit it, remember? We all looked after it. I even caught Dexter stoking it once." His eyes shift to me. "Do you wanna be our pet today, Pup? Let's see which brother wins."

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CHAPTER SIXTEEN

DEXTER

Legs tensing, heart thumping, feet bashing the ground under the heavy weight of my six-foot-four physique, I run through the forest and sweat the emotions through my pores.

The love for Tyler.

The respect for Donnie.

Accepting my place in it all.

The sun descends, filling the forest in a soft, golden light, and casting long, swaying shadows across the ground.

I slow my meaningful stride, scanning my surroundings. Catching the sound of rustling leaves and the stirring of birds, I stalk her closely. She doesn't know these woods.

It's been a daydream of mine since I saw her.

I've never been the kind of man to simply accept a no for an answer, but the 'no' in this case was never hers.

She may have despised me until recently, but her body has wanted to feel mine thrusting over her from the start.

Of that, I am certain.

No, the offer had to come from my brothers. They have shared women, but never with me.

Until now, I didn't see the allure of it.

But with Vallie rushing through the trees and the three of us hunting her. I can't imagine anything more arousing than sharing her with them, fighting

over her and using her to heal our differences. She is the glue that will hold us together.

I see that.

There is something incredibly animalistic about having one female between brothers, something binding.

Through the weaves of foliage ahead, I see blonde hair knotting slowly with the twigs and leaves. She is taking a break behind a screen of greenery.

I hold my breath.

My cock thickens in my boxers, creating a painful rod that bruises my abdomen against the pulsing pressure. I'll be me. I'm going to fuck her first this time.

I circle a tree and see her in full form, a long shirt clinging to her curves. She is out of breath, leaning against a trunk not too far ahead.

Stunning…

Her tits pulse, rising and falling, sweat sliding down her face and dripping to them like a waterfall I want to lick up.

She looks frightened and excited. Her eyes dart around, sensing someone, but she can't seem to catch sight of me as she frantically searches from tree to tree to tree.

Thing is, I've removed most of my clothes already, so while she's looking for a white shirt and navy pants, her eyes are not finding me through the woven limbs.

I touch the bandage on my chest, compliments of my little brother in a *stabby* mood; It's not bleeding anymore.

Slowly, I come up behind her. A twig snaps so I don't falter, lunging for her just as she moves.

We collapse to the dirt, and I quickly roll her on top of me to protect her from the impact of the hard forest floor.

She freezes over me, eyes wide, breathing hard, ready to leg-it again, but excitement ignites the orange flecks in her gaze.

She wants me.

Oh, Baby Girl.

Not wasting this moment, I flip us, pinning her to the dirt. Leaves and sand mist around us.

I dip as she lifts, our lips crashing together in a panic of need. Tongues dash out. Breath clashes with breath. I've never wanted to kiss a woman like I do Vallie.

As our mouths work wildly together, I rip my brother's shirt from the collar down, exposing her huge, heavy tits.

I groan into her, massaging them with both hands, feeling the weight and thickness.

Loving it.

She suddenly sinks her teeth into my lower lip, enough to cause a zap of pain. My cock thickens against the pressure of her deep bite.

As I break our kiss, I talk against her ardent lips. "Did you just fucking bite me?"

I feel her smile, and then she whispers, "Pay-back for the ear, *Monster*. I've been wanting to bite your smirk for a while now."

"*Oh*, Baby Girl. You are asking for it. Spread your legs for me. Let me feel the perfect, tight hole my brothers have been fucking."

That gets me a fucking moan.

I slide my hand down, slipping my fingers beneath her knickers where a wet, hot pussy waits for me.

"*Fuck.* Are you going to warm my heart with that wet cunt of yours?" I dip two fingers into her, pushing between layers of tight flesh until my knuckles bash her pelvis. "Like that?" I draw out, and she yelps. "Fuck. *Quiet*, Baby Girl. I need you all to myself for a while before you prove to me that you can please three men at once."

Leaning in, I cover her mouth with one hand and pepper kisses on her face, her pretty eyes closing for my lips. "You don't even need me to warm you up. You're so ready to be fucked by me. Aren't you? Can I hear you beg?"

My cock leaks, creating dampness in my boxers. I pull my fingers from inside her, her juices coating me, and suck them into my mouth. I lick her from my skin, groaning as perfect pussy flavours swirl around my tongue.

I remove my hand from her mouth so she can beg for my cock. Her lips are red from my firm hold; her mouth already sore.

An insolent smile plays at the corner of her mouth. Then she screams, "Tyle—!"

I slap my hand over her mouth. "You naughty little thing. I wanted to take you slow, to feel every inch inside you, but you want me rough. You don't want to beg me? Are you thinking about the day I promised to grip your thighs until you bruised? What a mess I'm going to make on this pretty skin. Is that what you want?"

She nods and then fights me as I force her legs apart, needing to really grab her soft thighs to get my hips between them. I grunt under the exertion of her playful hostility because she's giving me every inch of her strength, wrestling me for control. I just need her more. And more.

Between her swinging limbs, her nails slashing at the air, and her thighs closing around me, I manage to pull my cock out and thrust into her hard and deep.

"*Vallie*," I growl, my eyes shutting for her name as pleasure assaults me.

The moment I'm all the way inside her, after dreaming of her warm, wet pussy for weeks, the groans continue from deep inside my chest. It's *so* good. *She's* so good. The rumble of my enjoyment is primal at this point.

"*Christ*, Baby Girl. What a perfect little pussy you have between these luscious thighs."

I don't wait. Can't. And I'm not gentle as I start to pound her hips with ruthless force to earn the screams that I promised her. I'm deep. Then I empty her. Then I fill her again.

Her screams come easily; they are muffled beneath my hand, but I know they are there.

I feel each strained cry in the heavy heat from her breath, see it in the startled brown eyes gaping at me.

Her cunt goes wild around my cock.

I fuck her into the dirt, sand and debris lifting around us. Her legs get wider and wider, slacker and slacker, offering me her pussy, her fight giving way to the pleasure of my deep, thorough drives in and out of her body.

I remove my hand and kiss her hard.

Her body takes everything I have to give her, her lips accept my bashing kiss, her hands claw with restless uncertainty at my back, and her expressive eyes lose focus as she comes all over my cock.

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CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

DONNIE

Tyler is frozen behind a tree, his back stiff like a steel bar has replaced his spine.

Quietly, I approach him from the right flank. I enclose his mouth with my hand, just in time, containing the growls of animalistic possessiveness that burst from him.

My own jealousy threatens to shred me, but I fight it. It’s a seething entity that barks she’s mine—she’s ours. But fighting between us has never worked, and… Fuck. Dexter is trying so hard to make amends. I can see it.

In the food he bought.

The piano he polished.

He’s trying.

I’m trying to forgive him.

I don't want Ty to interrupt them, just yet. "It's okay, Tyler," I talk into his ear. “It’s me.”

He thrashes in my hold, strong motherfucker jerks me around, blinded by his claim on her. Too insanely jealous to see how pretty she looks. I see it.

My cock is throbbing for her, but I’ll be inside her soon. "Look, brother. Really look. She wants him. Let our girl have what she wants."

"Mine." His demands are muffled into my palm. "Ours, Donnie. Ours!"

Yes.

"She still is.” I stifle my own need to lash out, too, convincing myself as much as him.

Really, I want to drag her away from Dexter by her ankles. Fill her whore mouth with my cock. I want to lock her in her cage, only allow her the pleasure of my touch through the bars, and only when she’s been a very good little pup for me. But she’s more than my plaything now. And she’s not my *whore*… Never was.

I’ll be hers.

She’s the beautiful woman that will heal us. “We own very different parts of her, brother,” I realise. “But she's our living breathing womanly version of the rabbit, Tyler. She'll keep us together.”

He stops thrashing and watches as she takes our big brother's hard thrusts, each drive of his hips throwing her upward, wrenching yelps and then moans from her.

Ty shakes his head. "Not him."

I talk into his ear again. "Why?"

"I don't know…" He spits out, the age-old feelings of being left behind still clinging to him, of being cast aside for money. But Dexter was just a child, too.

It's time to forgive.

“Are you hard?” I ask.

He groans. “Yeah.”

"Do you trust her?" I pose.

His teeth grind. "Yes."

"Then trust her."

The significant sign of warning comes as a humming melody through his tight jaw. “I want her,” he snaps.

"Look at her taking his cock, Ty." I sound in awe; perhaps I am. I just remember the rabbits.

It's the same tone I used when I was a child. And I pretended it was a miracle that the rabbits ended up right there when we needed them. I never told them that I caught them in advance. Just like I caught her…

“She's so fucking beautiful. Covered in dirt. Lips red from his kisses. Rocks and twigs grating her legs as he fucks her. She'll need to be showered after this. Dirty pup. Kissed and cuddled. Who do you think she'll want then?"

He exhales hard. "Me?"

"*Yeah*." I smile, though he can’t see it. "*You*."

He relaxes slightly. "She wanted all of her holes filled."

Really? I snap my gaze from the commotion on the ground ahead to stare at Tyler, not expecting those words. "What did you say?”

Within his gaze, the shadow of doubt and envy twists to thrill. "She got wet thinking about us, me and you, and I said, how many of you pretty holes can we fill? All of them? And she practically came right then, Donnie."

A provocative grin slides my lips wide. "Then, sweet brother, what are you waiting for?” I whisper in his ear. “Go feed our pet."

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CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

VALLIE

As my muscles tremble from my orgasm, my heart thumps heavily against Dexter's.

My skin prickles with sensation as he slows down, steadying our restless arms and legs and leaning into me harder. He rolls against me.

It's intimate.

And my heart swells.

"I think I knew," I whisper to him. "That you weren't really a monster. Even before I met you. I just had this feeling… I saw something in you."

"Pride?"

"Sadness."

He sighs hard, and the forest seems to come alive with birds singing their final songs for the day.

I close my eyes, listening.

Gripping the back of Dexter's neck, I feel cords of muscles working as he reins in his movements, becoming loving and deep. His lips slide to meet mine, and we kiss. It's reminiscent of something peaceful and final. It's slow, the licks of his tongue matching the steady thrusts inside me.

Every nerve sparks.

"Your pussy is beautiful, Baby Girl." He talks between kisses. "Every little ripple is intense. You're strong. I could become addicted to *you*."

"I'm the healthy alternative."

His lips move down my chin, tracing my jaw to my throat. There is a connection here, just like with his brothers. His lips are painting meaning and thanks along my skin.

I open my eyes and gasp.

Tyler is standing above us, staring at us.

"*Tyler*," I whisper, and Dexter lifts his head to see his brother. I try to slide out from beneath the thick, powerful body over me, but Ty holds his finger up to stop me.

"Don't move. Do you want to know what cord I heard when you came over my big brother's cock?"

Fuck. He's intense.

I nod, feeling exposed and vulnerable with Dexter still pulsing inside me. "Yes."

"An F-major-7th. It's one of my favourites." His eyes flash to his brother. "Flip her to her knees, Dexter. Like a puppy on all-fours. I need her to lick me, too."

My eyes widen.

Dexter smirks at me. "Baby Girl? You ready to show me how much woman you are?"

My cheeks flush.

He drags the long, thick length of his cock from inside me and turns me. Pulling me by my arse to all-fours, he says, "Easy." A soft whimper leaves me as the jagged surface of the forest floor grates the sensitive skin on my knees and palms. "Hold on," he warns.

I look down at my fingernails, stuffed with dirt and sand. I dig them into the ground, bracing myself as Dexter thrusts back into my swollen and sensitive depths.

I cry out; he pumps more sounds from me. Overwhelmed by Dexter's dominance, reeling from the fiery stroke of Tyler's gaze, I writhe in place, a slither of fear moving up my spine, exciting me.

My insides pulse.

"Fill her," Tyler orders, his voice sliding past me as he walks to stand at my head. "But don't hurt her."

I arch my neck to peer up at him. His hair has fallen forward, hiding his expression, so I can't get a read on him. His hand comes to my throat, where he massages the rumbling moans breaking from me.

“You owe my cock a kiss, Vallie Baby,” he says softly. “You need to show my cock that you love him even while you let my brother fuck you. He doesn’t believe that you can love us both.”

“I do,” I cry out, barely holding on.

From behind me, Dexter groans long and hard to my declaration, drawing his cock out, only to force it back in.

Fuck. I can’t breathe.

Tyler drops to his knees and pulls out his monstrous cock, holding the throbbing muscle in his palm. “Show him that you love him, Vallie. Like you did in the kitchen. Scars and all.”

Sweat slides from my forehead.

Dexter feeds his hand into my hair and pushes my mouth over Tyler’s cock. “Suck my little brother’s cock, Baby Girl. Suck, and I’ll make you scream around it.”

I swallow the entire length, with Dexter’s fist forcing me down. I’ve had enough practice to do this. To suck him thoroughly while being used like a fuck toy from behind.

The forest is quiet now, as if it has stopped breathing and moving to watch us.

My muscles shudder at being taken so roughly after only just relaxing. My pussy is being hammered in and out of, my mouth unable to draw in air around the huge, angry cock knocking the back of my throat.

At each buck of Dexter’s hips, a small scream vibrates around Tyler’s throbbing cock.

“That’s it,” Dexter groans.

Tyler reaches below my chin and pulls his balls, hissing. “Fuck, Dexter, her song is on my cock. The vibrations are in my fucking ears. Fuck. Yes. Vallie, baby, hollow your mouth for me. Yeah, baby. *Yes.* Like that. Suck me like you love me. *Mm.*”

I inhale air through my nose, the scent of the forest suffusing me. Hollowing my mouth even more, I create suction around his length, earning myself a groan for the effort.

Tyler’s muscles tighten. “Yes. You *do* love him.”

His veins ripple on my tongue. The entire hard shaft pulses to the roof of my mouth. I drool for him. Lick him.

I can do this.

“You suck dick beautifully,” Dexter says, breathless. “I’ll reward you for being such a good girl, so strong, so sweet to my little brother’s cock.”

My eyes roll, pleasure curling my toes along the dirt. The cock inside me finds a place that rubs another orgasm through my pussy and draws a cry through my lips.

I get dizzy.

Can’t go on…

Dexter releases the back of my head as pleasure causes him to lose his methodical control and rhythm.

He grips my hips with bruising force.

“Jesus. *Fuck*.” Long, deep groans rumble from him as he leans back on his heels to see my pussy stretched and worked by his length. “That’s it. Milk me, Baby Girl. I’m almost there. So close. So tight. Wet. *Yes*.”

The obscene sounds of slapping, sucking, and groaning soar through the trees, and then—

“*Look at you*.” I hear Donnie’s voice circling us and his shoes rapping steadily on the dirt, but I can barely lift my head, swallowing Tyler and taking Dexter. “I’m so proud of how well you open for my brothers.”

I can’t see anything.

Tears drop to Tyler’s lap.

I’m held down and used.

Tyler bucks upwards, takes a fist full of my hair and squirts into my mouth. “Vallie, Vallie, Vallie,” he chants while his cock pulses.

I try to concentrate on his release; his cum jets to the back of my throat, warm, thick passion that I swallow eagerly and loudly.

“That’s our good girl.” Donnie’s voice is dark and even. “That’s our very, very good little pup. Swallow all my brother’s cum. That’s it. Let me see your throat take it all down. Very good. You don’t want him to think you don’t love him.”

Dexter slams in, one, two, three, and, holding himself deep, he finishes inside me with a throaty growl. “Ah, Fuck. *Yes*.” His hands flex on my hips, and a moment of pause shifts around us. “You did good.” He smooths his hand down my spine. “Very good, Baby Girl.”

Then, it happens quick.

Too quick. Too much. I barely have a chance to react or crawl away, to take a break, take a damn breath, because Donnie is dropping to his knees and taking Dexter’s place behind me on the forest floor.

And I collapse into Tyler's warm arms when I hear Donnie growl, "My turn, Pup."

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Chapter Nineteen

Vallie

Warm soapy water slides down their hard, powerful bodies.

Dexter and Donnie wash their chests and abdomens, the muscles under their big palms flex and pulse.

It's the most erotic scene of my entire life.

All three boys are in the master suite's shower—Dexter's shower—with me, washing the dirt and sand down the drain. The splashing is relaxing and rhythmic.

Steam rises and fogs the glass enclosing us.

I don't even care that I'm completely naked in direct light. Dexter and Donnie are both semi-hard, gazing at me between washing themselves. There is nothing but heat behind their eyes. They like everything they see. All my curves: the round, weighted shape of my breasts, the rolls at my hips, the way my thighs touch and jiggle.

Tyler is on one knee, trailing his hands from my ankles to my inner thigh, the slick water making me slippery to touch. "I could do this every day, Vallie Baby. I could do this when you're too pregnant to reach your toes."

I don't even object this time; I'm way too overstimulated and exhausted. Instead, I just love him in freestyle.

"Okay, Tyler Baby." I comb my fingers and nails through his wet, dark brown hair, smiling. "I'd be lucky to have you wash me each day while I'm pregnant."

His fingers fondle my lips before circling and testing the thick, swollen folds, to move between them.

I whimper, the flesh barely parting for him. “I’m sore.”

“You need me, Baby.” He is worshipful, taking his time as he scoops and cleans me. “You’re so red here. So puffy and plump. It’s really pretty.”

Feeling my insides cramp and twist, I look up from Tyler on his knees to find Donnie staring. Straight. At. Me. His hand is on his cock, his bicep and arm flexing as he washes the long, thick length with soap.

Fuck.

Donnie… I think his name, but don’t say it. It’s in my eyes, though, and now he is walking to stand beside me.

Reaching out, he slides his hand around my throat, cradling that delicate place as I swallow over all the emotions bursting inside me. It started with him. And his heart is the only one I haven’t been able to reach.

“I want to try something,” he utters softly, leaning in and talking within inches of my eager mouth.

I hold my breath as his lips touch mine. His hand tightens and his body stiffens, as if something inside him doesn’t want to go through with this.

I reach out and place my hand over his heart, feeling its heavy, hard tempo to match my own. As I wait for Donnie to move his mouth, to finally kiss me, Tyler caresses my puffy lips. I widen my stance, allowing Ty better access to lean in and lick me.

It’s so slow and gentle.

My head swims in pleasure and emotion.

“I’ve kissed you through Tyler,” Donnie admits, talking against my mouth, his voice deep and strained.

“What was it like?” I ask quietly. Sliding my hand lower, over the groves and valleys of his abdomen, I hum to the virile touch of him. I grip his erection and glide my hand up and down, up and down, the long, wet length. “Did you like it?”

“I felt too much,” he breathes roughly.

I whimper as he circles me and slaps his cock on my lower back, not giving in to the intimacy he clearly wants. I open my thighs more and rock into Tyler’s reverent kiss.

Steam thickens the air.

Donnie purrs, and the heat of his breath races along my neck. “It’s warm in here.” He groans as his thumb presses between my cheeks, nudging the

tight rosette. “It’ll be easy to get inside you, Pup. Take you in my favourite way.”

God, fuck, I can’t.

“Donnie,” I beg. “I’m too...” *Exhausted? Emotional?*

Both and all.

I look at Dexter, hoping for support, but he’s stroking his cock and watching Tyler lick me.

“You can do this, Baby Girl,” Dexter pants, his voice twisted and breathless, as he works his cock, with soap and water slapping the tiles. “Here. Let me make this easy for you.”

Dropping his heavy erection, he strolls, naked and glorious, from the shower to the vanity, retrieving a small plastic step-stool from beside it.

“Gross,” I protest. “How many other women have used that so you can fuck them in the shower?”

He lifts an eyebrow. “None. This is for the cleaner.” Walking to my side, he brings the stool into the shower. He places it on the floor and presents me with his hand. “Up.”

Rolling my eyes at Dexter, I take his hand and step onto it, anchoring myself in his eyes.

“Stay close,” I whisper to him, wanting.

And he nods, his smirk firmly in place. “Where would I go, Baby Girl. Everyone who matters is right here.”

“Falling in love,” Tyler adds.

I stroke Tyler’s hair. “Good boy.” Smiling, I reach down and wrap my hand around Dexter’s massive cock. Barely able to hold the entire width, I squeeze to get a better grip, wrenching a groan from him.

I stroke him with the soap and water, my hand slipping easily over the smooth, red slit at the crown, and sliding down to the root. Up and down.

He closes his eyes. “*Fuck*, that’s perfect.”

Tyler stabilises me on the stool and leans in to kiss my pussy again in a chaste way. His tongue and mouth move to a silent tune that I’m sure is in his mind.

I play with Tyler’s hair.

And strokes Dexter’s cock.

Donnie’s hot body touches the entire length of mine, hard chest to my back, enveloping me in warning. His erection stabs at the crease between my arse cheeks.

Surrounded by men.

By Vaughn brothers.

“I’ll be gentle with you tonight, Pup.” Donnie reaches for a bottle in the shower rack. “You want my love? You want to feel my heart through your back? Loving you in each beat. My breath cascading down your shoulder?”

My eyes widen when he fingers my arsehole with something lubricating and silky. “Yes, Donnie.”

The air is suddenly too thick to breathe.

Donnie hums. “Tyler, lick her softly. Let her relax around your tongue as I move inside her pretty arse.”

I pant, head swimming.

“Good girl.” Dexter places his hand over mine, working his cock together. “Remember to relax for Donnie.”

Donnie lulls me, “That’s it,” while pushing his cock through the defiant rim of muscles and holding it just inside. “Offer me this pretty hole to fuck.”

My heart wants to break through my chest when his palm skims my waist, settling on my lower stomach, and he pushes me towards him. He holds me still as he slides slowly, inch by inch, deep inside me.

“*God*, Donnie.”

“That’s— That’s perfect.” He thickens and pulses inside me. “Vallie. Pup. *Fuck*.”

Oh God.

Did he just say Vallie?

I can’t draw the dense air in, can’t breathe. My head flushes with blood, my pussy clenches and weeps with arousal, and I drop my head back on Donnie’s chest.

Dexter’s cock beats like a heart in my hand.

Tyler hums a tune to the motion of his tongue.

“*Pup*,” Donnie breathes my name. I feel his lips on my neck as he says, “You’re the one.” And I nearly burst into tears.

All else quietens down.

It is as though the steam parts for us, and the water stops splashing… a pause in everything to allow Donnie, Tyler, Dexter, and I this moment.

His lips roam my shoulders as he rocks against me, staying deeply connected. Hips to my backside. Chest to my spine. His heart strong and powerful against me.

I turn my head and wait with bated breath.

His lips slide up my neck, sending skitters of electricity across my skin, and linger on my jaw, teasing and tasting, before sliding to my awaiting mouth.

He kisses me.

He steals the breath from my lungs, the emotion from my heart, the powerful orgasm that rips through me to Tyler's licks and to his slow, meaningful thrusts.

He's making love to me.

And his lips don't leave mine. Not when he fucks me and comes, not when Dexter finishes in my fist, or when Tyler licks me to my climax. Donnie kisses me.

He kisses me as if now he can't stop.

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CHAPTER TWENTY

DEXTER

After I dress in my last suit for court, I linger for a few moments to watch them sleep.

Vallie's hair forms golden wings around them.

They warm my heart.

She'll keep them happy.

While I'm away…

Then I leave Tyler and my baby girl wrapped together in my bed and head downstairs towards the kitchen.

It's unfair to feel possessive.

But envy hides in deep places.

I wish I had more time with her.

The morning sun cuts through the glass like a drill, low in the sky and blinding. A harsh heat that reminds me that I'm sober but alive.

I'm alive.

And well.

Some mornings, it hurts just thinking about being sober. Today though, it's more of a niggling. And I don't mind it. It's good to remember I have a problem. It'll help me take it seriously. Anyway, I have a new addiction now…

"I'm the healthy alternative." The memory of her words makes me smile.

She’s not like anyone I’ve ever met before, unusually selfless but sassy and strong. Vallie might be right about the little girl and what is best for her.

What do I know?

A shitty mother might be worse than the system. I remember the little girl’s excitement over the bubble bath. If that’s her standard for happiness… *Christ.* She deserves more than her mother can give her.

With my money, I could have the new foster parents vetted and set up with every nice commodity. I could give her a chance at a comfortable life.

“You’re not coming back today, are you?” Donnie asks. I turn to see him standing at the far window, eyes distant, lost to the depths of the forest.

I sigh on a small laugh. “So, your mind-reading shit isn’t just a twin thing.” Walking to stand beside my brother, I feel all the tension in me drop like a bag of mud, spilling out at my feet.

“You took care of everything,” I admit, stopping at his shoulder. “I never thanked you.”

Another man might clear his throat on that sentiment, sigh, respond, but not Donnie.

He doesn’t flinch.

I turn to stare at his side profile and, for the first time, really take him in. He’s identical to Tyler, and even I couldn’t tell them apart, but for the deep weight of responsibility in his gaze and the thin lines between his brows. Traces of a life lived under pressure.

They’re my fault.

Tyler’s scars.

Donnie’s aging.

“Thank you,” I say to him.

He doesn’t move.

He doesn’t even blink.

“Thank you, Donatello,” I repeat. “For taking over. For being the man this family needed when I wasn’t.”

After a few moments, enjoying the pride I feel in my chest, not at all jealous, not in the slightest resentful, I turn and tap his shoulder firmly. “I’ll be back, brother.”

I walk to the door.

And I open it.

“When?”

I freeze in the jamb; his question is his acceptance. He wants me back; he cares when that is… I've learned to read between the lines with Donnie.

"I spoke to my lawyer last night after you all fell asleep," I say. "Five months, he thinks, maybe, with parole. I can be back in five months if I take the stand and tell the truth."

I wait for him to ask me what the truth is. If I did it. If I took her, hurt her… *What did I do this time*… But he doesn't. He defended me to save our name… *Did he ever question my innocence?* Or care about my motivations?

I don't know.

He simply hums to the window. "We'll be here when you do."

And that's us…

Not fixed.

But not broken.

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EPILOGUE

TYLER

Five months later

I'm so clear today.

There is music in my soul and an ethereal energy that I can't flick from my fingers. I don't want to. Not since they started tickling the ivories again, not when the world is so fucking filled with my orange and red ribbons.

Exiting the car last, I jog through the parking lot to catch up with Vallie and Donnie, who are hand in hand. And Molly, who walks four beats at a time, then pauses.

Four beats.

Then she pauses.

I don't know why she's doing it, but her gait is in a perfect 4/4 timing 'cause she's going to be a pop star.

"We're running late, Tyler Baby," Molly teases, still keeping her perfect rhythm.

"Molly, *sweet pea*, don't call Tyler that," Vallie says, stroking the top of her golden locks and smiling brightly at me over the top of her crown.

Her smile, all my favourite sounds combined.

I'm twitching to get my baby inside her, doesn't seem fair they made me wait until Dexter's release. Like, he needs to have a fair chance at getting her pregnant? What's fair in love and war? *Nothing.*

But I get it.

Soon enough, I'll have her stomach swollen. She had her new implant taken out three days ago, and Quinn is babysitting Molly tomorrow night.

Time to chase her through the forest.

"What if he doesn't like me when he gets to know me?" Molly asks without emotion, and I freeze, unable to process that question.

Donnie stops in his tracks, looking at her. "What's not to like about you, Princess?"

"You're already his favourite person," Vallie adds. "He has seen *all* your drawings. You know, the ones we put on the wall? Remember, you asked why there were gaps? So, we filled them with your art. And you know how Donnie is always recording you? Well, that's because Dexter watches every clip. He likes the ones when you're on the drums. He knows you already so you have nothing to worry about. You just be you."

I shake my head and put my hands on either side of her shoulders, squatting to stare at the little girl who started all of this. "Molly, this is *all* about you. Vallie and Donnie. My music, and you. Dexter and his sobriety. All of us together. A family. A weird one. Sure. But a loving one. This is all about you and your dirty socks and your bubbles."

She cracks up laughing.

I thought that was rather poetic, but then, I've never been great at getting the inside words out through my mouth.

"You're a lunatic." She leans in and kisses my nose, and I see moonlight and stars and tranquillity. She's the sweetest. In my mind, her nose-kisses are always accompanied by Debussy's *Claire de Lune.*

Molly shimmers, just like that piece.

"Look at that fucker." Donnie's gruff tones draw me back to reality.

"*Language,"* Vallie scolds.

I rise to my feet and scan the parking lot just in time to see Dexter leaving the building with a bag over his shoulder.

He moves as though he's just left a business meeting, power in his gait, head held high, heels grounded. That's my brother, prisoner or CEO, he does both with the same swagger.

He turns to stride around the building, probably expecting Quinn or one of his associates to pick him up from the rear.

Should I call out to him?

Or catch him? Jog?

We walk faster, anticipation rolling through me, ready to say something fucking clever and not at all insane.

“Hey, Monster!” Vallie yells.

Dexter stops midstride.

He edges around to face us, slowly as if to prepare. He knows we have Molly; we have been visiting him almost every day, but he didn’t want *her* to visit.

Makes sense.

He only had three months left when her mother finally transferred custody to Vallie and Donnie, and Molly is still adjusting to us three—an odd compilation of notes and characters.

Now, she has Dexter.

His eyes land on me first and hold for a long time—*hi, Dex*—before scanning the others and settling on Molly. He grips his forehead as if overcome, eyes staring, glistening, and unable to look away.

He lowers his hand and walks towards us.

Unwilling to wait, I start to jog to meet him, hearing little feet as well as heavy ones coming quickly up my flank.

Red and orange ribbons whirl around me.

I hear a progression in the key of G-major—a simple song. I need simple. It’s the sound of reunion.

It’s powerful in my ears, quickly building with inversions and, finally, when I collide with him, throwing my arms over his shoulders, the sequence in my ears breaks away to an amen cadence—melancholy and closure.

And I hug him.

I’m still not *right* and never will be, but if my life is sheet music, then the haze and disorientation in my mind are mere articulation marks along the staff. They may change the normal flow of things, but the continuing song is a perfectly simple sequence of pretty notes and rests.

Tyler…

Donnie—G

Dexter—C

Vallie—A

Molly—C

Rest.

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I may be a silly little girl to him, but he's intent on protecting, possessing, and claiming me in every way—his little piece of purity.

But there is more to Max Butcher than the cold, cruel facade he wears like armour. I know; I saw the broken boy inside him one day when we were only children.

So, even as I stand in the shadows with him, as people get hurt...*as people die…* I refuse to let him believe he's nothing more than a piece in his family's corrupt empire.

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NICCI WHO?

Nicci is an Amazon number 1 best-selling author in Women's Crime Fiction, Organised Crime, Romantic Er0tica, and Romantic Suspense.

Nicci is from Perth, Western Australia. She has lived many lives. Vet Nurse. Journalist. Barista. Corporate Sales Consultant. Mother.

Now she is a fulltime author, and she lives even more lives. Mafia Don. Ballerina. Doctor. Biker. CEO. Concert Pianist, to name a few.

She considers herself an independent woman... BUT all that womanly power goes out the window when her red flag-waving, morally grey heroes appear on page...

She writes about men who kill, who control, who take their women like it's their last breath, pinning them down and whispering "good girl" and "mine" and "you belong to me" and all the red flag utterances that would have most independent women rolling their eyes so hard they see their brains.

So... if you don't like that... if you don't like reading about controlling, over the top possessive men... then don't read her books. You won't like them. But Nicci wants both. She wants her cake and to have a six-foot-five, tattooed, alphamale to eat it with her.

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